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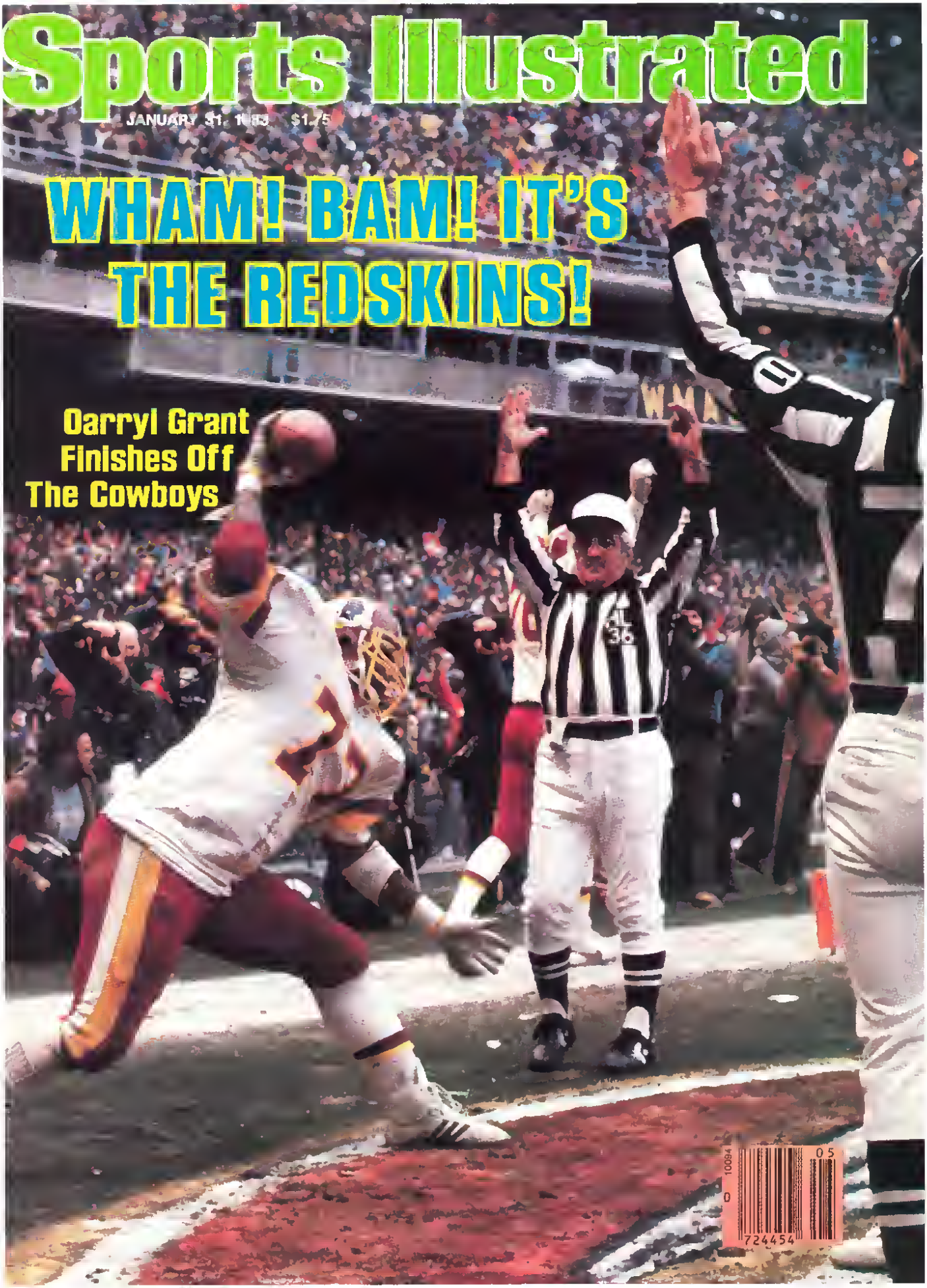

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A year ago Walter Edmonds was asked to give a talk. As he usually does, he told a tale instead, and thus was born the family-and-fish story that begins on page 40. It's fortunate that he preserved his hero trout in prose, because it met no poetic end in fact. "I ate him the next day," Edmonds says. "He wasn't too terribly good, either."

Though Edmonds has been telling fish yarns for years, it has been only in his later life—he turns 80 this summer—that he has begun dealing with his sometimes difficult youth. "I was undersized and lazy," he recalls, "and my father was a very dynamic and overbearing sort of person. I don't think he understood children." The youthful Edmonds became something of a loner, and because the family farm in Boonville, in upstate New York, was heavily forested, a young loner quite logically became a young naturalist. From the Boonville woods came *The Biography of a Great Horned Owl*, which Edmonds wrote while in grade school.

That writing about nature preoccupied the teen-aged Edmonds only served to heighten familial conflict. "My father resisted my becoming a writer, even when I got to college," he says. Resistance ended with his father's death during Edmonds' sophomore year at Harvard. After graduating in 1926 he returned to Boonville and writing about rural New York, becoming noted as an American regionalist. His stories set along the Erie Canal gained him praise, and in 1936 *Drums Along the Mohawk* gained him fame. The bestselling novel became a big movie—"I thought it was a bad film," the author observes—and Edmonds became a celebrity. There were a few more years of successful writing, and then, just after World War II, "I went through an 11-year drought. I worked every day but couldn't write a thing that was very good."

AUTHOR EDMONDS' DRUMS ALONG THE SUDBURY

Still, in 1939, an astute editor at Dodd Mead had decided that several of Edmonds' *Saturday Evening Post* stories would make good reading for children, and at her urging in 1941 he published *The Matchlock Gun*, which won the John Newbery Medal for children's literature. In 1956 he broke through his postwar block with other books specifically for the young, and in 1976 he won a National Book Award for *Bert Breen's Barn*.

Edmonds lives today in Concord, Mass. with his wife, Katharine, who's a toleware artist. Their studies are adjacent on the second floor of their 113-year-old colonial house; "When we want to communicate we just yell," says Edmonds. Quieter times are spent gardening or simply sitting in the backyard, which slopes gently to the Sudbury River. On summer evenings the Edmondses repair to the patio to watch the ducks and wait for "our old friend. We've got a five-pound smallmouth bass living right over there. Every now and then he has an evening when he feels he's really going to put on a show. It's fun to hear him jump." Two heart attacks have ended Edmonds' fishing days, and so the bass swims on. "We hope to see him this summer," he says. "It's just as well I don't fish anymore—he's safer when I'm in the garden."

Philip D. Hoblet

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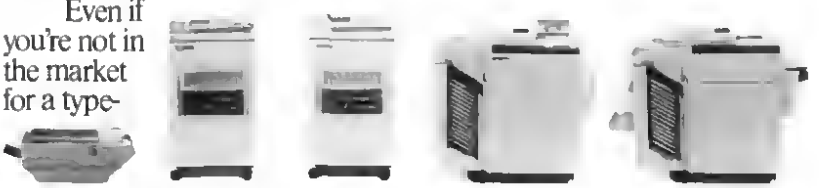

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VIEWPOINT

by JAMES M. GALBRAITH

THIS AUTHOR SAYS BLAME SPEARING, NOT HELMETS, FOR GRID NECK INJURIES

In 1979 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Senior Writer John Underwood published a book entitled *The Death of an American Game*, based on a series of articles that appeared in this magazine in 1978, in which he predicted the demise of football unless something was done about catastrophic neck injuries. He was right that changes must be made, and it's time to set the record straight about the cause of these injuries. In a case cited by Underwood, the jury held the helmet manufacturer responsible for a disabling neck injury because it believed the rear rim of the helmet could contribute to this type of injury by breaking a player's neck in "karate chop" fashion. This is now judged by experts to be physically impossible.

Until August 1982, I was associated with Riddell, Inc., a manufacturer of football and batting helmets and one of the few companies that have remained in the business and are contesting a flood of similar lawsuits. In the mid-'70s there were 14 helmet manufacturers; now there are only five. And even though I've left the industry, I'm still anguishing over my inability to help bring about a solution to the vexing problem of neck injuries in football.

Invariably, players are injured in the act of "spearing" with the helmet. The spearing player hits with his head down and his neck in partial flexion. His forward momentum is suddenly stopped on impact, but his body mass below the neck continues forward, placing a force on the neck it cannot fully absorb. The neck fractures and/or dislocates, and, if the broken vertebrae pierce or sever the spinal cord, the result can be paraplegia, quadriplegia or death. This mechanism of injury will occur with or without a helmet, according to one of the preeminent authorities on football neck injuries, Dr. Voigt R. Hodgson, director of the Gurdjian-Lissner Biomechanics Laboratory at Wayne State University and the principal investigator for the National Operating Committee on Standards for Athletic Equipment. The committee was formed in 1969 by seven organizations, including the NCAA and the National Federation of State High School Associations. Hodgson has been researching these injuries for five years and has concluded that not one he has investigated has been caused by a blow by the helmet to the neck in hyperextension (head back) as postulated in the "karate chop" theory. He explains that for such an injury to happen, the neck must be forced down, as may occur if one dives into the shallow end of a swimming pool. One way to reduce these injuries, Hodgson says, is to vigorously enforce the rules against spearing.

Eliminating spearing isn't an easy task. Spearing is favored by an uninformed minority of coaches, players and fans who look upon football as a "man's" activity in which the risk of serious injury is just part of the game. Ironically and tragically, it is the players doing the spearing who are catastrophically or fatally injured as many as a dozen times each year.

Penalties against spearing have been instituted in recent years, resulting in reduced injuries. But spearing continues and threatens to make Underwood's book prophetic. There must be more stringent prohibitions against spearing at all levels of the game. Enforcement of the rules also must be more rigorous than has been the case. In the rule books for the NCAA and the high schools, whose players are most likely to be seriously injured because their bodies aren't as developed as those of NFL players, spearing is defined as "the intentional use of the helmet in an attempt to punish an opponent," and is punishable by a 15-yard penalty and an automatic first down in the NCAA and 15 yards in the high schools. But officials shouldn't have to judge whether spearing was intentional or not, and players should be penalized even for unintentional spearing if it's to be eliminated from the game. The NFL, on the other hand, makes no distinction between intentional and unintentional spearing and also assesses a 15-yard penalty. A coordinated campaign against spearing would have the effect of greatly reducing these injuries.

And what about the many players already catastrophically injured and those who might still be injured under new rules? There is now no adequate remedy to help victims and their families deal with skyrocketing medical costs and loss of future earnings, probably the single most compelling reason that juries have rendered verdicts against helmet companies. But the average sales (*not* profits) of each of the few remaining football helmet companies is about $4 million per year, which is hardly a sufficient base to support the injured for life. Football, however, is a billion-dollar business and has the means and the obligation to address this problem. Care for these injured players on a no-fault basis would cost an estimated one to two million dollars per year (or less than one *dollar* for each of the two million participants in the game).

A solution exists. The new National Sports Rehabilitation Foundation, with the growing support of those close to football, is dedicated to the rehabilitation, care and support of catastrophically injured athletes. Once funded, whether by players' membership fees, ticket surcharges, charitable contributions or industry sources, it would eliminate the need for the tangle of legal proceedings we have now. It would also accelerate the educating of coaches, players and fans about the need for new rules and about proper tackling, blocking and running techniques.

Football cannot be played without helmets, yet the helmet industry cannot survive without a sensible solution to the injury problem. The American public is likely to prefer safer, saner football to the extinction of the game. This new foundation promises to commute football's death sentence. END

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

OLYMPIC TEST CASE

The U.S. Olympic Committee is trying to bring some sense to the Olympic amateur code, that mess of bureaucratic porridge so contaminated by inconsistencies, hypocrisy and outright fraud—state support of athletes and under-the-table payments have become a way of life almost everywhere—that it has long been unpalatable. Declaring his intention to bring the Olympics "into the 20th century," USOC President William E. Simon announced during Olympic meetings last week in Los Angeles that the committee had ruled that Renaldo Nehemiah, the world-record-holding hurdler who now plays pro football with the 49ers, was being reinstated as an amateur in track and field. Although the ruling was to apply only to domestic meets, Simon said he hoped it would be a first step toward restoring Nehemiah's eligibility for international competition as well—and, ultimately, toward liberalization of antiquated amateur rules generally.

The International Olympic Committee is expected to take up eligibility matters at its 86th Session in New Delhi in late March, but prospects for significant reforms are uncertain, largely because of opposition from the U.S.S.R. and East Germany, which feel they have an advantage under the present system. As things now stand, the IOC sometimes seems confused as to exactly who's in charge of eligibility standards, itself or the various international sports federations, whose rules differ widely. As Simon noted in announcing the Nehemiah decision, the international skiing federation's liberal standards allow some supposed amateurs to openly make fortunes in endorsements. In recent months there has been a move within the international soccer federation to declare some younger professionals eligible for the Olympics. Unlike Nehemiah, the soccer players would be competing as amateurs in the same sport in which they've been professionals. It isn't certain, though, whether they'd be considered eligible for the '84 Games. The same uncertainty hangs over Jim Craig, the hero of the U.S.'s Olympic hockey triumph at Lake Placid. Craig played professionally as recently as last season, but world ice hockey federation rules are sufficiently liberal that he's now back playing as an amateur.

In declaring Nehemiah eligible for domestic competition, Simon was bucking the international track federation, the IAAF, and its president, the insufferably pompous Primo Nebiolo of Italy, who likes to say, not entirely in jest, that "the Olympics don't go on without me." Nebiolo argues that Nehemiah can't be eligible for domestic meets at the same time that he's ineligible internationally, a laughable assertion given the fact that several track athletes banned by the IAAF from international competition for illicit drug use have routinely gone on competing in their own countries. Nebiolo reacted to the USOC's reinstatement of Nehemiah with a get-tough declaration that foreign athletes representing U.S. colleges or clubs would endanger their amateur standing if they competed in meets with Nehemiah. That ruling cast into jeopardy Nehemiah's invitation to compete in this week's Millrose Games. For his part, IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch said his body "must support the IAAF" but blandly added, "I'm sure that the IAAF and the USOC will reach an agreement."

It's hard to feel much sympathy for Nehemiah, who, in signing an NFL contract, knew full well that he was forfeiting his amateur standing. At the same time, the USOC has probably seized on as good a test case as any for challenging the muddled amateur rules, especially when it's recalled that, at Simon's urging, the IOC has posthumously restored the two gold medals Jim Thorpe won at the 1912 Olympics but later forfeited because he had played professional baseball. As Ron Stanko, Nehemiah's attorney, wryly notes, the only real difference between that case and his client's is that "Thorpe is dead."

DAUGHTER OF HEIDI

A mix-up occurred on WICU-TV, the NBC affiliate in Erie, Pa., during the Jets' 17–14 NFL playoff victory over the Raiders on Jan. 15 that was reminiscent of the Heidi Game episode, the NBC foul-up in 1968 in which an executive ordered the network to switch from a nationally televised game, also involving the Jets and Raiders, to the movie *Heidi*. As a result, most viewers missed seeing the two touchdowns that gave the Raiders a 43–32 come-from-behind win, and NBC was deluged with phone calls from an infuriated public.

In the Daughter of Heidi incident, viewers in Erie, along with the rest of the country, were watching as the Raiders, trailing 17–14 with barely two minutes to play, recovered a New York fumble. Without warning, WICU switched away from the game. By the time it returned, the Jets somehow had the ball back and all the Erie audience saw was Jets Quarterback Richard Todd falling on the ball

to end the game. WICU's audience missed both the Raiders' suspenseful drive into Jets territory and Lance Mehl's interception of a Jim Plunkett pass that sealed the New York victory.

Erie viewers weren't happy about the interruption. "The switchboard lit up like the sky on the Fourth of July," said WICU Program Director John Ivan Tomcho. "The calls didn't stop. They were irate calls. No, they weren't just irate, they were obscene. No, they were *very* obscene."

There were two significant differences, though, from 1968. For one thing, WICU broke away, not for a movie but for its regular live showing of the Pennsylvania Lottery's Saturday drawing. For another, says Tomcho, no executive de-

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But every month or so, they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

Beyond the fringe.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.*

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

*1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST*	
900 3-door	*$10,750*
900 4-door	*$11,050*
900S 3-door	*$13,550*
900S 4-door	*$13,950*
900 Turbo 3-door	*$16,510*
900 Turbo 4-door	*$16,910*

Automatic transmission $370 additional

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

**Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo ②EPA estimated mpg. 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

SAAB
The most intelligent car ever built.

cided to make the switch. On the contrary, he said, the station had notified AT&T, which is responsible for the switching of feeds to the station, to cancel the lottery feed. But, he added, "all the switching is computer-controlled and the computer switched it to us anyway."

We don't think it's overstating matters in the least to suggest that the Erie incident symbolizes the course that humanity has followed these past 14 years—from a human error that resulted in our seeing a tender story about a little girl to a computer error resulting in our being huckstered by a state-run gambling enterprise. This is progress?

NOW SOON THEY FORGET

In *The Blue Book of College Athletics for 1982-83*, the ordinarily authoritative guide to almost everything you'd want to know about college sports, the address of Ohio State's athletic department is given as "410 Woody Herman Drive, Columbus, Ohio 43210."

FOREVER LANDRY, SUDDENLY GIBBS

As the Redskins were whipping the Cowboys 31–17 in the NFC championship game last Saturday (*page 20*), we couldn't help but reflect on the vastly dissimilar records of the two coaches. Because he looks just about the same as he did two decades ago, Dallas' Tom Landry doesn't seem like an oldtimer, but his record of longevity in the volatile world of pro football is amazing.

When Landry began coaching the Cowboys in 1960, his fellow coaches in the NFL and the AFL—then beginning its first season—included George Halas, Vince Lombardi, Paul Brown (then coaching Cleveland; it would be eight years before his Cincinnati Bengals would make their debut) and Weeb Ewbank (then of the Colts; it would be eight seasons before his Jets would upset Baltimore in Super Bowl III). Also coaching in Landry's first season were Sammy Baugh, who was running the New York Titans (later the Jets), Bob Waterfield of the Rams, Buck Shaw of the Eagles, Jim Lee Howell of the Giants and Eddie Erdelatz of the Raiders.

In 1965, Landry's sixth season with the Cowboys, Allie Sherman was coaching the Giants, Al Davis the Raiders, Blanton Collier the Browns, Joe Kuharich the Eagles. That seems so long ago, yet Landry was there. Go another five years to 1970, and you find Don Shula starting his first year with the Dolphins, Chuck Noll his second with the Steelers, John Madden—who has now been retired for four years—his second with the Raiders. In the dozen or so years since then, Super Bowl coaches have come and gone: George Allen in Washington, Red Miller in Denver, Ray Malavasi in Los Angeles, Dick Vermeil in Philadelphia, Bill Walsh (apparently) in San Francisco. Since Landry began at Dallas, that other Texas team, the Oilers, has had 10 coaches. Through it all, Landry goes steadily, silently, successfully on. Maybe he didn't make it to the Super Bowl this time, but he has been there five times before.

On the other hand, the Redskins' Joe Gibbs is going to the Super Bowl in only his second season as an NFL coach. A shorter story, but also sweet.

POPS' CONCERT

"Not the first hit in his career, certainly, but a ringing one." So raved *The New York Times* music critic Donal Henahan in his review of Willie Stargell's performance in Carnegie Hall last week as narrator in *New Morning for the World*, subtitled *Daybreak for Freedom*, a new work by Pulitzer prize-winning composer Joseph Schwantner. The composition was performed by the University of Rochester's Eastman Philharmonia, and Stargell was on hand to recite from the writings and speeches of Dr. Martin Luther King. What made Stargell's appearance all the more striking was that until his five-city, five-concert tour with the Eastman Philharmonia began on Jan. 15 in Washington's Kennedy Center (it concluded later last week in Rochester), the former Pittsburgh Pirate star had never even attended a symphony concert. Having retired from baseball after the 1982 season, Pops may well be the Rookie of the Year of the concert stage.

Stargell's only previous involvement with music was when he briefly played tuba in his high school band, an experience he doesn't particularly cherish. "It made your lips sore, and you had to wear padding when you played," he recalls. To prepare for the tour, Stargell studied with a voice teacher and in December went to Rochester to rehearse with the Philharmonia. He admits to having experienced "extreme nervousness" before each of his five appearances, but he also says, "I'd never been to a concert before, and now I know I'll be going back. I do love this music." He will indeed be going back. He has already accepted an invitation to provide the narration when the Pittsburgh Symphony performs Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* on Feb. 26.

RUNNING HOT

Joggers have bored non-joggers for years talking about the "natural high" they get, or claim they get, from running. Now there's another possible plus for them to natter on about. It's called "jogging fever," and it doesn't mean enthusiasm for running. It means an old-fashioned temperature, the kind that reads at 98.6 if you're normal. According to a recent edition of *Advance*, a publication of the University of Michigan Medical School, Hospitals and School of Nursing, joggers on the run have an average temperature about four degrees above normal, and a temperature a couple of tenths above normal persists for several hours. And, say physiologists Joseph G. Cannon and Matthew J. Kluger, this lingering excess body heat may actually be good for them, in much the same way that a mild fever—or, rather, the endogenous pyrogens that trigger fever—fights off infection.

This possible benefit of "jogging fever" is based on the widely held belief that people who jog or otherwise regularly exercise get sick less often than more sedentary folk. Cannon and Kluger caution that no one really *knows* whether this is so, because detailed research in that area hasn't been undertaken. But Cannon, a marathoner himself, says, hopefully, "If you talk to people who used to be sedentary and now exercise, they claim they get sick less often."

THEY SAID IT

- Paul Householder, Cincinnati Reds outfielder, who hit .211 last season, after confirming that he'd become engaged on New Year's Eve: "With the kind of year I had, I'm ready to try anything."
- Jack Elway, San Jose State football coach: "John Elway is a great football player. He used to be my son. Now I'm his father."
- Stan Simpson, Middle Tennessee State basketball coach, after a 103–58 loss to Alabama. "We got beat by one bad call—the one our athletic director made to Tuscaloosa to schedule this game." **END**

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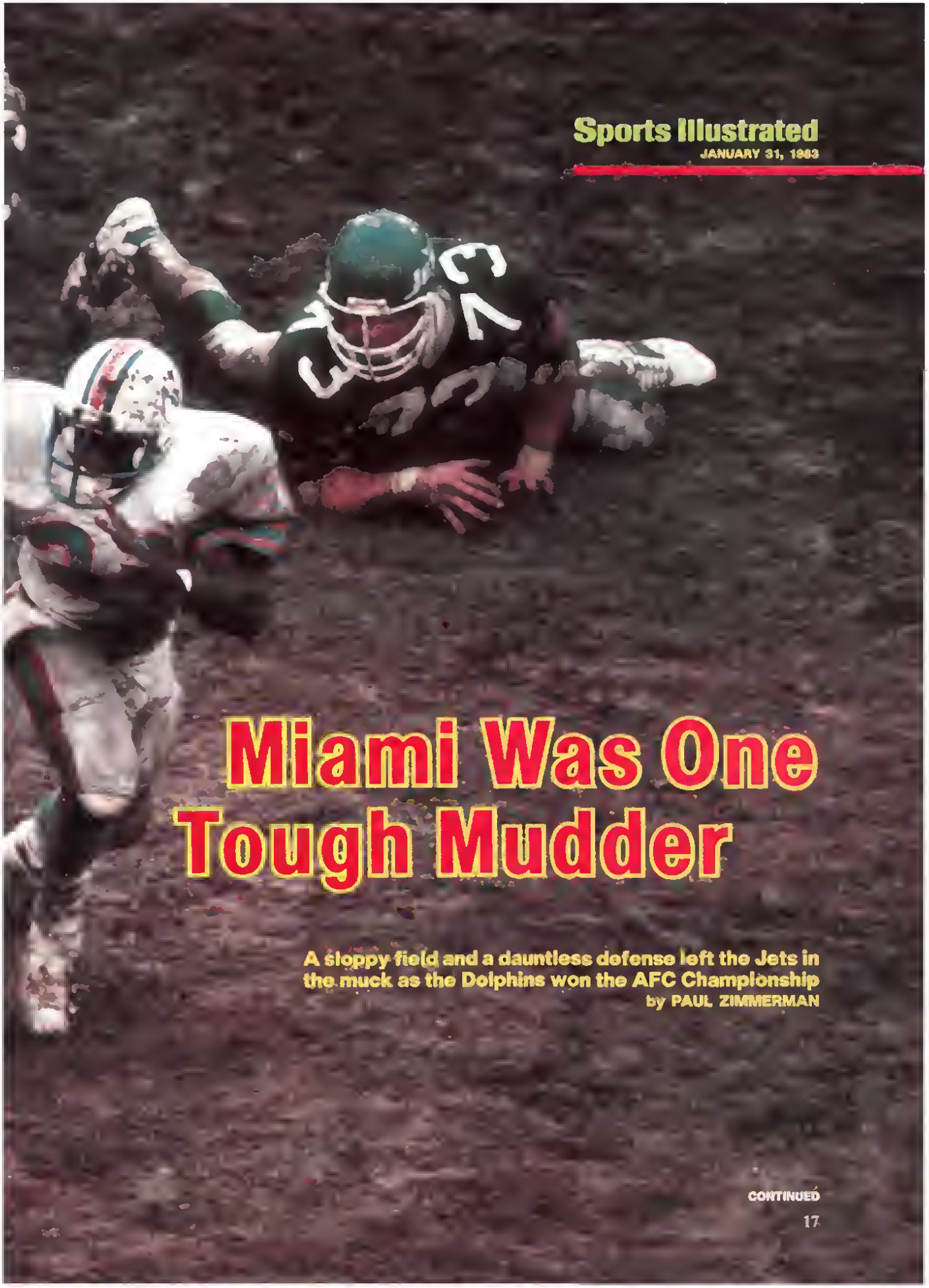
Bennett, who scored a TD, kept his foot when all about him men were losing theirs.

Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 31, 1983



Miami Was One Tough Mudder

A sloppy field and a dauntless defense left the Jets in the muck as the Dolphins won the AFC Championship

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

CONTINUED

NFL PLAYOFFS *continued*

There was a great mystery that unfolded in the Orange Bowl last Sunday. How were the Miami Dolphins able to double- and triple-cover all the New York Jets' pass receivers and still have enough people left to rush the quarterback and stop the run? You know, the menial tasks. O.K., O.K., so maybe they didn't double-cover *all* the receivers, just most of them, the ones they were worried about.

The Dolphins are on their way to the Super Bowl after their 14–0 triumph over the Jets in the AFC Championship game, and there might be a major story breaking when the league office reviews the films of Sunday's game. Flash—the Miami Dolphins used 14 men on defense, and their victory is hereby canceled. Rewind the tape and play it again.

All right, all right, so they only used 11, but how come every time Richard Todd threw the ball downfield there was one green jersey surrounded by three white ones? Todd came into last weekend's action as the leading longball thrower of the four quarterbacks still in contention, based on playoff passing yardage. Wesley Walker was the playoffs' most prolific receiver. But at the end of that long, rainy, muddy day in Miami, this is what they had to show for their efforts: Five interceptions, including one that Linebacker A.J. Duhe ran back for the final touchdown in the fourth quarter. Seventy-seven yards worth of passing, subtracting 26 sack yards from Todd's 103 gross. Fifteen completions in 37 tries. One interception and one completion in four throws to Walker, and the completion gained zero yards and came with 1:25 left in the game.

And while the Jets' defense played almost as brilliantly as Miami's, it had to cover for an offense that got the ball past midfield only once under its own steam, an offense that gained more than 10 yards on only two plays—an 18-yard pass to Wide Receiver Lam Jones and a 12-yarder to Tight End Jerome Barkum, both of whom made diving catches.

And the mystery remains. In this era of high-flying offenses, how were the Dolphins able to lock up so many different receivers? On a slippery, muddy field, which is supposedly death to pass rushers, how were they able to get enough traction to sack Todd four times and still shut down one of the NFL's fine running attacks? How did Duhe, a converted defensive end, grab three interceptions, an AFC Championship record?

Todd had no explanations. Weary and depressed after his torturous afternoon, all he could offer was, "They beat us, period. They deserve to go to the Super Bowl, and that's all I'm going to say."

What he could have said was he couldn't read the coverage, which wasn't entirely his fault. Joe Walton, the offensive coordinator and a hot candidate for one of the NFL's vacant head-coaching jobs—at least he was before Sunday—sent in the plays, and they weren't too hot. But let's not be too hard on Walton. The finest offensive brain trust in football—San Diego's Dan Fouts and his Air Coryell playbook—suffered a similar five-interception fate against the Dolphins the week before. It, too, was overmatched by the Dolphins' defensive coach (please don't call him a genius; it's a jinx these days), Bill Arnsparger.

Todd could have said, "How are you expected to set up and throw when your feet keep slipping in the mud?" but that wouldn't have been classy. You're not supposed to blame anything on the conditions, which, thanks to a combined NFL and Orange Bowl foul-up, were

McNeil was going nowhere fast because the Dolphin defense was stinging in the rain.

horrible. Todd never looked comfortable in the pocket, even when he was getting enough time, and Dolphin Quarterback David Woodley (three interceptions) wasn't doing much better. The Jets' superb runner, Freeman McNeil, couldn't make his quick cuts on the treacherous turf, and most of the time the Dolphins' front three of Doug Betters, Bob Baumhower and Kim Bokamper were on him almost as soon as he got the ball, anyway. Todd's roll-outs to his right side, the comfortable side, were cut off by the 6′ 7″ Betters, who had a big day against All-Pro Right Tackle Marvin Powell.

But the mystery remains: Has Arnsparger finally come up with the perfect coverage scheme to combat the football of the '80s? The great pass-defense performances of the past usually started with a ferocious rush up front—Doomsday Defense, Purple People Eaters, Steel Curtain, the Fearsome Foursome—names that had the opposition quarterback backpedaling before he got off the plane. But when the rush failed Sunday there was pure coverage, connecting lines on the blackboard, X's that met O's at exactly the right spot, intricate, cerebral stuff with catchy buzzwords like "inside-out," "double-double," "press" and "force."

Let's look at this thing a little more closely. Don Shula's Super Bowl defenses usually tried to funnel things toward the middle, where a pair of All-Pro safetymen, Dick Anderson and Jake Scott, were waiting to swoop in for the interceptions. Four of Todd's five interceptions, two by Duhe, one by Strong Safety Glenn Blackwood and one by Cornerback Gerald Small, came on stuff over the middle, crossing patterns, down-and-ins, posts. Todd was made to believe the inside was open, and then it was taken away from him.

The fifth interception, resulting in Duhe's 35-yard touchdown, was a freak, a mirror of the play that broke up the Redskin-Cowboy game on Saturday. "I was in a down-lineman position, rushing from left defensive end," Duhe said. "I wasn't getting anywhere on my rush, and then I saw Bruce Harper take that little hitch that he does when he's going to drift out wide. I saw Todd look downfield and then look back to Harper, so I drifted out with him. I jumped up for the ball, and it hit me in the hands or the forearm or something. I saw it falling, I bobbled it, then I had it and I was gone. Baumhower was yelling, 'Lateral it! Lateral it!' but I wouldn't."

The Jets came into the game figuring Walker would draw the heavy double coverage, so they were going to spring Jones, an Olympic gold medalist and perhaps the fastest man in the NFL. Short stuff at first, then the big banana.

Todd's first pass of the day was a down-and-in to Jones. Three Dolphins converged on the ball—Glenn Blackwood, Left Cornerback Don McNeal and Inside Linebacker Earnie Rhone—and Blackwood picked it off. Jones was Todd's favorite receiver in the scoreless first half. He threw only one pass to Walker but aimed six at Jones, and the net result was an interception and two completions worth 25 yards.

"The bump," said McNeal, one of the league's finest and most underrated cornerbacks. "Jones wasn't used to getting that bump on the line of scrimmage. It bothered him. That's one thing Coach Arnsparger stresses every day. Get that good jam when a guy starts his pattern. It's especially effective on a muddy field. It makes a receiver slip and it throws his timing off, getting into his pattern. When a cornerback plays seven yards off, then the receiver has an advantage on a muddy day, because the defensive guy's the one who's gonna slip."

Duhe, Todd's unfavorite receiver, caught his only TD pass.

The Dolphins weren't afraid to play bump-and-run Sunday. The L.A. Raiders are supposedly the NFL's premier bump-and-run team, but in the first half against the Jets the previous week they chickened out and had their cornerbacks laying back. It's a scary prospect, jamming pro football's fastest pair of wide receivers, but the Dolphins did it, and that's where the field conditions came into play. Flyers don't fly in the mud.

Pools of water at midfield greeted both teams as they came out for their warmups. No tarp had covered the field during the 24 hours of rain before the game. Jet President Jim Kensil was furious. "The Orange Bowl doesn't even own a tarp," he said, "and the league bylaws say that every facility has to have one. A tarp costs about $4,000. The Orange Bowl people said that their Prescription Athletic Turf has pumps that suck out the water, but they didn't get the job done today. We could have brought our own tarps down from New York if we'd known. They said that a tarp would kill the grass underneath, but I'd rather play on dirt than this stuff."

continued

Walt Golby, the stadium manager, confirmed that the Orange Bowl doesn't own a tarp. "It's not necessary on this type of field," he said. "Look, I just inherited this job."

The league, which is supposedly in charge of all conditions for playoff games, handed out a little release in the press box. It described the makeup of the turf: the plastic liner on the bottom, covered by 12 inches of sand and six inches of topsoil, the intricate drainpipe and pump apparatus. "Based on the amount of rain already fallen," it said, "if the rain was to stop at 12:00 noon most of the surface water would be gone in two hours."

Well, the rain didn't stop at noon. It didn't stop at all, although it let up a bit at times. Presenting the release was like handing out a description of a sprinkler alarm system after the house has burned down. The only concession to the elements was a group of groundskeepers sweeping off the water with rubber squeegees before the kickoff, thereby creating a quagmire on the sidelines.

That wasn't the only foul-up. The clock stopped working, causing confusion in the timing of the game. On Miami's third-quarter touchdown drive—seven plays, 48 yards—a fumble by Fullback Andra Franklin was ruled a nonfumble. The TD, a seven-yard trap play by reserve Fullback Woody Bennett, was set up by a half-the-distance-to-the-goal-line penalty on Cornerback Bobby Jackson, when he protested a sideline completion. "All I said was, 'That's bull——,' " Jackson said.

Jet Coach Walt Michaels was still mad after the game, but he wouldn't comment on the field conditions or the clock or the calls. "Look, I'm not a wealthy s.o.b.," he said. "I can't afford the fines."

"It was muddy," Jet Linebacker Greg Buttle said, "for both teams," which is like a guy watching someone fighting a shark and saying, "Well, it's wet for both of them."

The Jet defensive unit, which played heroically in a hopeless cause, was grim. "You stop 'em and stop 'em and force turnovers [four by the Dolphins] and it doesn't get you anywhere," said Strong Safety Ken Schroy, who had two interceptions. "Maybe our offense didn't play up to its capacity, maybe they didn't make the right adjustments. Something was wrong out there."

Not with the Dolphins. **END**

A Capital Day For The Skins

by RALPH WILEY

Across the 50 states, last Saturday will live as the day America's Team was exposed for what it had become, a creaking battleship that had seen its best days, its engines straining, the rifling in its gun barrels worn out. On a chill, overcast afternoon at RFK Stadium, the Washington Redskins beat the Dallas Cowboys in the NFC Championship game—roundly, soundly, as if they were Anybody's Old Team. The Republic may never be the same. But who could blame the fans in Washington, D.C. for treating the Redskins' 31–17 victory as reason for a capital celebration? It had been 10 years since the Skins had made it to the Super Bowl, and no win could be sweeter than one over the toplofty Cowboys.

Washington Defensive End Dexter Manley had predicted the outcome, but no one could have foreseen that Manley himself would have such a big hand in it. Manley, the Redskins' speaker of the house on this day, was still in football gear a full 90 minutes after the game ended. "Can I rest awhile?" he asked with a weary bow of his head. He was speaking into microphones, not to his coaches, and what the questioners wanted to hear, again and again, was how Manley had been able to predict the victory and then ensure it by knocking one Cowboy quarterback, Danny White, out of the game and ruining another's—reserve Gary Hogeboom's—visions of grandeur.

Once more, Dexter. With feeling.

"Well, it was a very emotional game for Dexter Manley," said the grinning 6′ 3″, 250-pound second-year player from Houston by way of an outside line-

backing position at Oklahoma State. "I felt someone had to make the big play." He fingered an old scar on his jaw (even it was shaped like a smile) and hissed in pain as a trainer cut tape off his left knee, which he had injured the week before against Minnesota.

"I was honestly getting mad because Dallas was moving the football," continued Manley, who had filled the air with I-hate-Dallas rhetoric all week. "My teammates had to calm me down on the sidelines. Somebody had to take charge, so I did. Broadway Joe said he'd do it and he did. Now I said it and I did it. That's all."

Manley did it to Dallas, but the Cowboys helped. Dallas' offense, under both quarterbacks, was more threatening than Washington's. The Cowboys didn't punt once after halftime. And in that second half Dallas' defense held Joe Theismann's offense to 104 yards. But the Cowboys were betrayed by their special teams, turnovers (three) and a curious new trait: Simply stated, Cowboy Cool curdled. The team got rattled.

Rookie Rod Hill muffed a punt, leading to a second-quarter Washington touchdown and a 14–3 lead. After the Cowboys closed to 14–10, Mike Nelms ran the ensuing kickoff back 76 yards to set up the Skins' third TD. Dallas still trailed by only four points, 21–17, in the final period, when Redskin Linebacker Mel Kaufman intercepted a Hogeboom (pronounced HOAG-ih-boom) pass. That was converted into a 29-yard Mark Moseley field goal. Finally, Manley and Defensive Tackle Darryl Grant turned another Hogeboom pass into the Redskins' clinching touchdown.

The Cowboys dropped passes, slipped on pass coverage, tackled politely and made themselves generally available. The Redskins stuck anything mobile and committed no turnovers. "The breaks were ours," said Manley. "We were lucky and good."

The Cowboys came out firing. White completed four passes in a picture-book 14-play drive, halted only when his pass to Drew Pearson on a slant-in pattern in the end zone was knocked away from behind by Cornerback Vernon Dean. The Cowboys settled for three. Then the Redskins, behind Fullback John Riggins, set up shop.

Washington's offensive line—the so-called Hogs, who tolerate no slop—had worked on a new blocking scheme for the Cowboys that involved double-teaming the defensive tackles, notably Randy White, and forcing Middle Linebacker Bob Breunig to bear the brunt of Riggins' tilting rushes. Sometimes the double team was accomplished with an old Cowboy ploy—putting the tight end in motion and having him cut into the line in front of the ballcarrier. Riggins thudded for 43 yards on just five carries in the first quarter, setting up Theismann for a 19-yard touchdown pass to Charlie Brown, who beat Cornerback Dennis Thurman to the post with 1:55 left. Riggins, who finished with 140 yards on 36 carries, scored himself on a one-yard run in the second after Hill's muff of a towering Jeff Hayes punt gave the Skins the ball at the Dallas 11.

The crowd of 55,045 was at full throat when White trotted out on the field with less than a minute left in the half and the Cowboys trailing by 11. Earlier, both Roger Staubach, the former Cowboy quarterback and near-deity, and John Madden, the former Raider coach who's now a CBS analyst, had decried the criticism White had received for failing to get the Cowboys to the Super Bowl in 1980 and '81. "Danny White's taken a bum rap," Madden had said. "He's a tough, exceptional quarterback. But if the Cowboys win, nobody will say it's because of Danny. It'll be the organization. And if they lose, it'll all be Danny's fault."

Staubach said, "Danny White was 12–4 in his first season as a starter [1980], and that spoiled people. He has them in the Super Bowl last year if the defense holds the lead against San Francisco. I haven't talked to him. He has a little disdain for me now. I feel terrible about it. I had lots of help and a better defense when I was back there."

Still, White had beaten the Redskins five straight times since replacing Staubach. Now, executing with a cold vengeance, White completed three straight

continued

Riggins got double-team blocking on the Cowboy tackles and rumbled for 140 yards.

passes to take Dallas from its 20 to the Washington 32 in 34 seconds. Who's to say redemption wouldn't have been his, but for Dexter Manley?

First down, and White faded back. Manley stunted, looping behind the defensive tackle next to him, Perry Brooks. "I lost [Cowboy Tackle Pat] Donovan, and then put a move on the guard," Manley said. Tony Dorsett (15 carries, 57 yards) drifted outside to guard against a blitz by Linebacker Monte Coleman. Manley, unchecked, was at top speed in four steps. White had cocked the ball, then pulled it down, but his left foot was still forward. He was a duck on a pond, and Manley engulfed him.

The tackle was so devastating that Manley himself feared for White. "It was definitely a good hit," he said. "I thought something was broken." Nothing was broken but White's mental circuitry. He had suffered a concussion. "I don't remember anything," he said afterward. "I'm still dizzy. The play? Hell, I don't remember the *day*."

White left the field walking but had to be helped inside at halftime. Hogeboom had come in to throw, and complete, one short, meaningless pass before time ran out in the first half. The crowd flat assumed there would be a Washington victory now, and so, perhaps, did some of the Skins. But Manley said, astutely, "I think it motivated Dallas when White went out."

Cowboy Coach Tom Landry made adjustments at halftime, and Dallas played a Dallas third quarter. Defensive End Ed (Too Tall) Jones pinched inside with effect, Randy White shook the double-teams, and Anthony Dickerson gave the Cowboys sound linebacking. Riggins gained only 10 yards in the quarter, and Theismann, who would throw for just 150 yards on the day and be sacked three times, tap-danced for his life.

As the Redskins stagnated, Hogeboom looked like a world beater. A fifth-round draft choice and former option quarterback at Central Michigan, Hogeboom, 24, is the Cowboys' secret weapon, much as White once was. "He can throw the football as well as anyone, anywhere," says Gil Brandt, Dallas' director of player personnel. He throws it so well the Cowboys tore up a $50,000 contract and gave him a three-year $600,000 deal to understudy White. Hogeboom had thrown only eight passes all season, but he ripped

Too Tall just wasn't tall enough to cut down the passes of the Redskins' little Joe.

the Washington secondary to shreds on the Cowboys' first two second-half drives, both of which ended with scoring passes. The first was a six-yard out to Pearson. That was negated by Nelms's return and Riggins' subsequent scoring run of four yards.

Hogeboom came right back, concluding his second drive with a 23-yard clothesline over the middle to Butch Johnson. "They have a good defense," said Hogeboom, "but it's a defense you can read and take advantage of, if you do things right." For a time, Hogeboom could do no wrong. As the Redskins' corners softened, Hogeboom completed five straight third-down passes for first downs, most of them coming on sideline throws the Redskin defenders couldn't deflect. The manic home crowd was becoming uneasy. It sensed what Manley was sensing; something precious was slipping away.

"You relax when a backup is in there," said Dean. "We knew their blitz adjustments were outs [quick pass patterns to the sidelines], but Hogeboom got the ball there anyway. I would have preferred White. Him we know." Safety Tony Peters disagreed. "It doesn't matter who quarterbacks that team," he said. "Just get a guy who can pass and hand off. But if Danny's back there, it's more of a threat. Experience."

On Dallas' third possession in the third quarter, Running Back Timmy Newsome dropped a Hogeboom pass in the open field at the Washington 37, the first Dallas flub Hogeboom had to contend with. So much for Drive No. 3.

"We had to change defenses, blitz more, do something," said Kaufman, a second-year free agent from Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo who ordinarily gives way to Coleman in passing situations. But Coleman had strained a hamstring, so when Dallas held Washington and got the ball again early in the fourth quarter, it was Kaufman who dropped into the short outside zone in the Redskins' "Bear Man" defense on first down from the Dallas 32. Hogeboom forced the ball toward Tony Hill. Kaufman intervened, making a leaping, twisting interception, his first of the season. The disruption of Hogeboom's rhythm was more important than the field goal that followed.

So the game was on the table, 24–17 Washington, 7:12 left. On the Cowboys' first play, from the Dallas 20, Landry called a weakside screen to Dorsett, but Hogeboom mistakenly called strong side. "The play should have gone to the other side," said Dorsett. "I still felt if I had gotten my hands on the ball it would have been a long run."

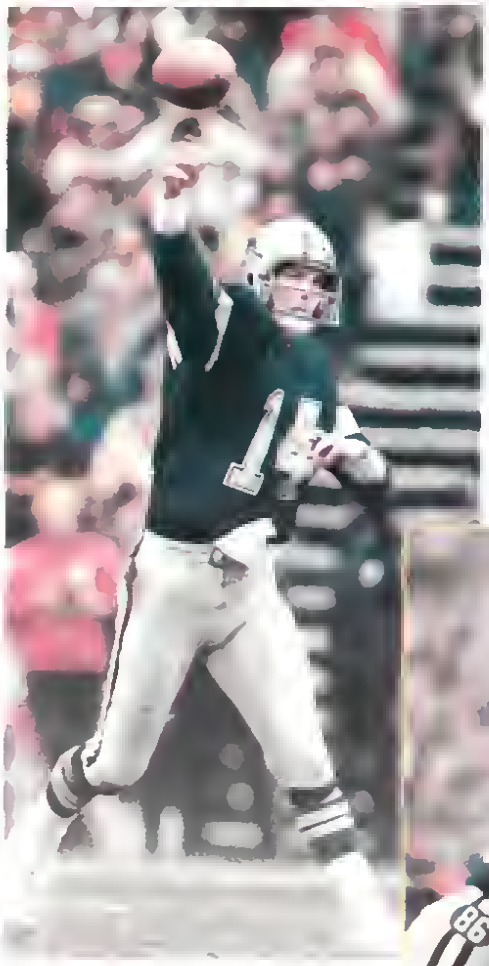
Instead, there was a grand bit of defense. Hogeboom's play-action fake was good—"Too good," said Donovan. "Nobody rushed." Grant squared up, disrupting Hogeboom's sight lines, and Manley made his move.

"I faked going with Dorsett," Manley said. "That threw the passer off. Then I charged." Manley descended on Hogeboom like a bad dream.

"I thought I could get it over him," said Hogeboom.

"The ball hit my palm," said Manley. "Darryl was in the right place at the right time."

The 6′ 2″, 265-pound Grant is a reconstructed Redskin offensive guard who had played four positions at Rice, none of them running back. But he plucked the ball from midair and stepped out of tackle attempts by Tony Hill and Dorsett, high-kicking in the best Joe Washington style for 10 yards and a touchdown. He could have run to Pasadena. "The icing on the cake," said Dorsett.



Hogeboom did his best to lower the boom on Washington, throwing for two scores, the second a rope to Johnson in the end zone.

Hogeboom was, understandably, a little shell shocked. But he came back to throw two beauties to Pearson and Johnson, reaching the Washington 38. Then, however, he threw three ill-advised balls, ending with a last-ditch fourth-down pass that sailed far out of bounds as Hill watched hopelessly at the left sideline. The stadium rocked.

Last year, after losing in the championship game to the 49ers, the Cowboys were angry. They felt they had let the game get away. This year they were beaten and they knew it. Pearson said, "We were playing for the Super Bowl. The Redskins were playing for respect. They got both."

And Manley had another prediction. "Whoever I go against in the Super Bowl, I think I'll beat him," he said. "No, I think I'll dominate him." America, take note. That's from Washington, but it isn't hot air. END

Minutes after the New York Islanders had their egos handed to them in a 1–0 loss to the Philadelphia Flyers and rookie Goalie Bob Froese last Saturday night at Nassau Coliseum, fans exiting on the east side of the building let their fancies turn to football. Chants of "Let's go Jets!" rang through the concourse. But downstairs, in the Islander and Flyer dressing rooms, the game wasn't being dismissed so cavalierly.

"They gave us their best shot," said Flyer Assistant Coach Joe Watson, luxuriating in the afterglow of a win that put Philadelphia eight points ahead (with a game in hand) of New York in the NHL's Patrick Division. "We took it and we still beat them. They know it, too." More to the point, the Islanders' defeat marked the second time in three nights that the Stanley Cup champions for the past three

by JACK FALLA

The champion Islanders have been sagging, perhaps because they're so complacent they're thinking . . .

. . . O.K., Just Wait Till Last Year

seasons and once consummate money players had failed to win a game they needed, wanted and could have had. On Thursday in Montreal the Islanders blew a 4–3 lead with 2:25 to play, giving up a breakaway goal to Mark Napier and settling for a 4–4 tie. The loss to the Flyers, however, cut deeper.

While Islander Coach Al Arbour tried to pass it off as "one of those nights when we work hard but the puck just won't go in," he had conceded the day before that the Philadelphia game was "no doubt the biggest of the year for us." After the game, Captain Denis Potvin sat in front of his dressing stall and slowly shook his head. "Maybe Al's looking at the long run," said Potvin, "but I'm very disappointed. We wanted it badly."

Following a 29-game, 8–14–7 slump in November and December during which the Islanders were the only team in the league that failed to win consecutive games, they took six straight and appeared to be moving into position to—as the bumper stickers say—BRING FOURTH THE CUP. But three of those victories were just a wiping of the skates on doormats (Hartford, New Jersey and Los Angeles) and the other three were over middle-of-the-packers (Quebec, Winnipeg and Buffalo). The showdowns with Montreal and Philadelphia would, as Islander Right Wing Mike Bossy said the day before the Canadien game, "reveal a lot of things."

What the games revealed is that the Islanders lack a balanced attack, that they can't crank it up and win whenever will or necessity dictates and that, far from being odds-on favorites to win the Cup again, they're just one of a clutch of contenders, along with Boston, Chicago, Edmonton, Philadelphia and Minnesota. At week's end, the 25–17–8 Islanders had slipped to seventh place in the overall standings.

Except for the often dazzling line of Bossy (30 goals), Center Bryan Trottier (24 goals) and Left Wing John Tonelli (21 goals), a unit whose 75 goals account for 41% of the Islanders' scoring, New York's forwards are struggling. They include Bob Nystrom, who got his first goal in 30 games last week in an 8–1 rout of Hartford; Clark Gillies, who has scored at least 30 goals six of the last seven seasons but has only 12 this year; Bob Bourne, who has only six goals in his last 35 games; Duane Sutter, who has eight goals and has endured a 22-game scoring drought; and Billy Carroll, who hasn't scored in 43 games.

Notwithstanding their woes of midseason, the pervasive mood among the Islanders has been a we-can-do-it-when-it-really-counts bravura that lately has begun to sound a little hollow, especially from a team that has come from behind to win in the third period only once all season. "We'll be there when the money's there," said Goaltender Billy Smith after starring in a 3–2 win at St. Louis on Nov. 30. Smith, one of the league's preeminent clutch players, then went into an

Billy Smith has been an Isles hero, but a slump earned him the nickname Splinters.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL BERESWILL

0–4–1 slump that didn't end until his 32-save defeat of the Whalers last week. Meanwhile, backup Goalie Roland Melanson played well enough to force Smith to the bench for the first six games of January. Melanson was 5–1–0 during that stretch, and the benched Smith was being called Splinters by his teammates. More than once after practices they taunted him with remarks like "Hey, Splinters, get Rollie a Coke."

"Three years ago I probably would've called them a bunch of jerks," says Smith. "Now I know it's part of their way of showing they haven't forgotten me. I've won three Stanley Cups. I don't press the panic button."

The fancying of oneself as a money player seems to have acquired a certain cachet among the Islanders. "We don't mind the pressure," says Trottier. "We welcome it." Adds Arbour, "There's a swagger on this team that wasn't there three years ago. It's one of the things that comes from having won so often."

Yet games keep getting away. Like Saturday night. Although the Islanders put 31 shots on Froese, fore-checked, back-checked, body-checked, threw themselves in front of shots and otherwise comported themselves like champions, they didn't do what had to be done—win. Yet not all the Islanders took the loss hard. "We should've won, but it's just another hockey game," said Nystrom, reflecting the not wholly erroneous attitude that, given the NHL's playoff structure, there is little in the regular season to whet the competitive appetite. As long as the Islanders finish in the top four in their division (a virtual certainty), they will qualify for the only season that really counts—the playoffs.

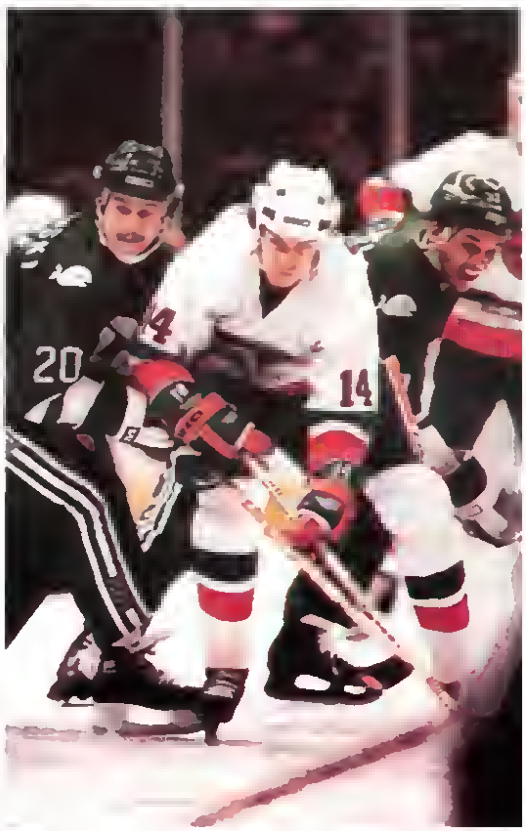
While a first-place finish would give the Islanders home ice for the divisional playoffs, that's the last time they could get it. The league awards home ice to divisions and conferences on an alternating-year basis, regardless of won-lost records. "There's got to be something more to work for," says Islander General Manager Bill Torrey, who wants to see the league change its playoff format but who doesn't view it as a major cause of his team's inconsistent play.

The Islanders may soon find out that they have something more to play for—namely, Torrey. As the old sales department joke goes: We're having a sales contest; the winner gets to keep his job. Torrey has had a flair for making astute late-season trades that bring his team barreling down the stretch. Or, as Arbour puts it, "Thank God for Bill and March."

In March 1980, Torrey dealt Billy Harris and Dave Lewis to Los Angeles for Butch Goring, who promptly became the catalyst many credit with leading New York to its first Stanley Cup. In March 1981, Torrey traded Chico Resch and Steve Tambellini to Colorado for Defenseman Mike McEwen, who had 14 points in 17 postseason games as the Islanders again won the Cup.

There have already been rumors, whispered and published, of Torrey making a trade for a high-scoring forward to take the heat off Bossy and Trottier. Hartford's Blaine Stoughton and Toronto's Rick Vaive and Bill Derlago have been rumored to be high on Torrey's shopping list, while McEwen and Defenseman Stefan Persson are thought to be among those most likely to go.

Torrey—who won't confirm trade rumors, save to say, "If I think something can be done to bring in better players, I'll do it"—adds, "It's pure fan fantasy to think that I can just go out, make a deal and solve the problem." And given Torrey's record of shrewd deals and the Islanders' three-year lock on the Cup, rival general managers aren't exactly dying to help him. "Put it this way," says Torrey. "I'm not getting a lot of calls from guys saying, 'Gee, Bill. Sorry you're in a jam. I'd like to help you out.' I told the players, 'You dug yourselves in, you're going to have to dig yourselves out.' "



Man in a squeeze: Bourne ain't scourne.

Victory over Montreal and Philadelphia would have gone a long way toward reestablishing the Islanders as the Blue Meanies of the NFL. Instead, with five-eighths of the season gone, the Islanders find themselves sometimes playing, and often sounding, like a team waiting for last year.

This year, last year may not come. END

Ivan Lendl blew away Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe at Madison Square Garden to win the Masters again **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Having A Blast At A Garden Party

If the tennis had been half as enthralling as the myriad reports from around the globe concerning the late, great Bjorn Borg, the Grand Prix Masters in New York might have been quite a tournament. According to the last dispatch on Sunday, which was datelined Bangkok, Borg, who is all of 26, will retire from the game and jump to the USFL. Or fight Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Or do something equally astounding. If this seems a trifle outrageous, how about the allegation that Ivan Lendl can't win the big ones? True, he has yet to win one of the Big Three (the French, Wimbledon and the U.S. Open), but under a roof he's nails. In 1982 Lendl won both major indoor titles—the Masters and the WCT Finals in Dallas—and with his 6–4, 6–4, 6–2 victory over John McEnroe on Sunday he joined Borg and Ilie Nastase as the only players to win the Masters in consecutive years.

The press has often censured Lendl for his lack of charisma and his dour, bullying manner—Nora McCabe of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* described him in her Masters copy as "the salivating Doberman pinscher"—but, in fact, it was left to Ivan to put some bite into the Masters. Forget for a moment his defeat of McEnroe, an exercise that has now become as routine as the loser's pouting and squawking. Lendl's seventh straight win over Mac—the score is 19–1 in sets—proved once again that his power and length are too much for the lefthanded finesse artist to handle. What Lendl did on Saturday in the semifinals against Jimmy Connors shall be remembered much longer. Over a stretch of approximately 10 minutes, while winning 12 straight points with an electrifying display both on serve and off the ground, Lendl not only blew the defending Wimbledon and U.S. champion off the court but also stirred veteran observers' memories for comparisons. The one most often cited was Ellsworth Vines slashing his way to the 1932 Wimbledon title with a 6–4, 6–2, 6–0 romp over Henry Austin.

Lendl's astonishing salvo came just in time because the entire tournament had heretofore been one dull Doberman.

Possibly that was because of the rumors, or maybe New York's preoccupation with its beloved Jets, or even the perpetual interruptions from the Madison Square Garden P.A. announcer, who kept informing everybody of the presence at courtside of LeRoy Neiman: "We are pleased to have with us . . . welcome if you will ladies and gentlemen . . . the foremost number-one sports artist in the world today . . capturing the Masters as only he can. . . ." And then LeRoy, obviously beside himself with humility, would tear himself away from capturing the Masters as only he can, put down his brushes, check his wallet and wave to his friends, fans and/or prospective customers, who were attempting to figure out who the foremost runnerup sports artist might be. Whatever the reason, this Masters seemed to lack anything vaguely resembling excitement until Lendl started launching his rockets.

Rudely stung in the past by the players' manipulation of the double-elimination format, the tournament organizers increased the field from eight to 12 and made the Masters a straight knockout event. Under the old format, questionable injuries, defaults and tank jobs had plagued the event, and Lendl was a prime offender. In 1980 he blatantly threw a match to Connors to avoid facing Borg in the semifinals. On that occasion Jimbo called Ivan chicken. But what the format change did mostly was ensure the participation of some real, live turkeys—in particular, clay-court aficionados like Jose Higueras and Andres Gomez, who felt about as comfortable on the Garden's synthetic Supreme Court as they would on a high wire above it. Higueras doesn't even bother playing Wimbledon or Flushing Meadow. Jose, can't you see?

Then there were the three Masters rookies who were were struck by a case of Gardenitis. Mats Wilander took one look at the famous arena and said, "This place makes a difference. We have one at home that's big but not like this." Steve Denton had to be flustered when a black cat crossed the court during a key break of his service. (Where is Martina Navratilova when we need her?) And Yannick Noah admitted that he was "pretty scared" minutes after falling splat on his face on a match point.

Meanwhile, Connors and Lendl spent most of the week answering questions concerning Borg's supposed retirement; their first matches weren't until Friday. Because both players are slow starters, preferring to work their way gradually into the rhythm of a tournament, both were out of sorts. "The round robin stunk," said Connors. "That was proved. But this showing up just to wait around is plain stupid."

continued

McEnroe squawked and clawed, but nothing could prevent his losing his seventh straight match to Lendl.

As for Borg, early in the week it was reported that Fila and Diadora, his clothing and shoe sponsors, respectively, were canceling contracts with him because of his imminent retirement. That story came out of Kitzbühel and Rome. Next it was reported that Borg had withdrawn from Grand Prix events in Brussels, Rotterdam and Milan and had petitioned the Men's International Professional Tennis Council for a "limited commitment" to tournaments. That came out of London. Then it was learned that Borg said never mind, only kidding, he was *not* retiring and still wanted to win Bangkok and the U.S. Open. Bangkok! *That* came out of Bangkok from Sugar Ray Bjorn himself, who, for all anybody knew, may have been in Thailand rehearsing to take over for Yul Brynner in the road company of *The King and I*.

Come Friday, formerly Tank Day, and who should be waiting for Connors but Johan Kriek, old Deep Tank himself, who at least is man enough to admit when he's dumping, which happens to be quite frequently. Conversely, a Kriek who tries is one of the game's most dazzling players and maybe the quickest as well. On this night Kriek provided the only suspense of the quarterfinals by zoning to a 4–1 double-break advantage in the first set before Connors slowed the pace, forced Kriek into long rallies and caught up. Still, Kriek saved 10 set points before succumbing 7–5 in a tiebreaker. Alas, Kriek appeared to hail a taxi early in the second set, which he lost 6–2.

A rather subdued McEnroe—if one can call screaming at the crowd to "act like human beings" subdued—used his first two Masters matches as a tune-up for the upcoming U.S.-Argentina Davis Cup tie by carving out victories over Vilas and Jose-Luis Clerc. McEnroe's semifinal meeting with Vilas, whom he calls Willie, was merely a continuation of their recent "Tennis Over America" exhibition tour. Only this encounter wasn't accompanied by rock music, light shows and smoke bombs. Once when Vilas hit a glorious passing shot, Johnny Mac screamed, "C'mon Willie, let's get *real*!" confirming the suspicion that McEnroe has been hanging around the Valley too much with Moon Unit Zappa. But mostly Willie was impatient and strayed too often into net, where he was duck soup. Final score: 6–3, 6–3.

Connors was Lendl's nemesis until Saturday's blitzkrieg.

All of this routine stuff did nothing to prepare the Masters for the thunder that bolted off Lendl's strings in his showdown with Connors. Jimbo had won eight of their nine tournament matches, including last September's U.S. Open final, but this time Lendl wasn't intimidated. Said Connors after losing, "When the guy just throws it up and whacks it and it goes in, he's too tough. You have to get the ball in play to stay on even ground."

At two all, 30 all in the first set, Jimbo heard the first tremor when Lendl screamed one of his familiar inside-out forehands into the clear and then hit a bullet of a backhand pass to gain the first break. Then at 4–3 the earthquake hit. Lendl was tossing the ball higher now than he had in a sluggish 6–4, 7–5 victory over Noah the previous day. Result: service winner, ace, service winner, Connors error. The next game: two forehand crosscourt winners, a scoop pickup winner off Connors' short volley, Connors error. Lendl wins the set 6–3. Then: service winner, ace, backhand slice winner off a drop shot, Connors error. Lendl wins a third straight love game and leads 1–0.

It was 10 minutes of sheer devastation, a dominating player whaling away at full throttle and in peak form. And the onslaught abated only marginally. Connors, who did the pump-and-rage maniac dance long before Mark Gastineau was invented, never had a chance to perform it. Lendl swept the next three games and then the last six points of the match to win the set 6–1. By the time Connors' heart had given out, Lendl had crushed 15 service winners, including eight aces, and 11 unreturnable ground strokes to Connors' two. "I'd rather give him this one and take back the Open," said Lendl. "But yes, I wanted to beat Jimmy very badly."

Lendl's reaction to his defeat of McEnroe was considerably more restrained, because it's difficult to get oneself stoked up against one's personal punching bag. Keeping McEnroe pinned on the baseline with his lethal forehand and knocking off his garbage collection of short balls for easy winners, Lendl broke McEnroe in the first game of both the first and third sets and never really let him into the match at any juncture. Seldom has a winner treated victory in an important final so solemnly as Lendl, who after striking a service winner on championship point merely strolled to the net hangdog to collect the handshakes, the crystal, the keys to a Volvo and $100,000. "I'm glad I

continued

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didn't have to spend so many nerves this time," said Lendl, comparing the match with last year's final, when he had to overcome a two-set deficit and a match point against Vitas Gerulaitis before winning. "I was looking for John to try something different, but I guess he did the best he could."

It isn't as if McEnroe doesn't give his all in these frustrating tussles with his nemesis. He simply has neither the offensive tools nor the armor to combat Lendl's aggressive weaponry. And when the court is slow enough to afford Lendl time to set up for McEnroe's careening, hooking first serves, Mac is practically at the mercy of Lendl's return arsenal. "I prepared myself all week with nothing but tennis," said McEnroe. "I don't understand it. I felt so alive out there." But maybe the answer is for McEnroe to get ready for this otherworldly customer by departing from normal life. Perhaps he should immerse himself in a sensory deprivation tank or listen to Brahms or watch *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood*.

McEnroe did add some new wrinkles this time. He had new socks with M-C-E-N-R-O-E spelled out down the sides and a new rapport with the crowd. He once raised his racket to orchestrate cheers from the cheap seats. At 3–3 in the second set, McEnroe smashed his racket on the court, breaking it in several places. Two games later he missed a let-cord setup, thought about the error for a few seconds and then slowly turned a somersault.

Nothing seemed to work. By the third set McEnroe had reverted to bickering with the spectators and linesmen. In the opening game, he yelled, "Let me tell you how much fun it is to play in front of you people. At least I'm trying out here." Once he nearly disappeared deep into a corner of the court to seek refuge inside a Volvo partially hidden by potted plants. But the car was locked. "You don't belong on this arena, for Chrissakes!" he bellowed at a service linesman. To another he said, "You're bad, really bad. You're about as bad as I am today." Well, maybe the truth shall set him free.

McEnroe reached break point in the fourth game of the match and then not again until the 24th game. On both occasions Lendl went to his holster for the big flat one to McEnroe's backhand. Boom! Boom! McEnroe barely drew wood on the first and didn't even bother swiping at the second. "Every single time I'm hitting the first serve I'm going for the ace," said Lendl, as if witnesses didn't understand an assassination attempt when they saw one. "I'm glad the match went only three sets. My arm was getting tired."

"The guy played almost incredibly," said McEnroe. "He always had me off balance. He was all over me. And it's not as if Lendl's serve is like Clerc's or Vilas' or anybody's, even mine. My serve is about 30 miles per hour slower than his. In blunt terms, he kicked my ass."

At least Lendl won't have Borg to kick around anymore. Or will he? Just as the Lendl demolition derby was nearing its midpoint, Bob Kain, who handles Borg for the International Management Group, held an impromptu press conference behind a curtain a few yards from the Garden court to translate the global dispatches. Kain explained that approximately everything everybody had heard was true—sort of—except that Borg wasn't going to enter any Grand Slam events this year. He would play only a few more exhibitions—The Bjorn Borg Farewell-Almost Tour—and one more tournament, Monte Carlo. Maybe. And, added Kain, Borg wasn't using the word retire. "Bjorn is very careful with that word," he said.

Does that explain everything? Sure. What's obvious is that, after attempting a comeback with a series of exhibitions this past fall, Borg discovered he wasn't willing to devote the time and work necessary to reach his former status. As for Borg, post-1983, who knows? "Bjorn's an all-or-nothing type of guy," said Kain.

Which is a fairly accurate description of the way the 1982 and '83 Masters champion played last week. In beating America's famous tennis twins, Connors and McEnroe, Lendl dropped but 14 games in five sets. He lost his serve only once in three matches. The Masters also happened to extend Lendl's indoor victory streak to 13 tournaments and 58 matches since October 1981.

Vilas was a Davis Cup tune-up for Mac.

"It's very difficult to play a guy who's hitting as hard as he can and not missing anything and all the balls are going in, and he's hitting the lines and the corners all the time," said Lendl of none other than himself. That about covered it.

C'mon Ivan, let's get un-real. **END**

The unpredictable Kriek fell apart against Jimbo after being up 4–1.

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New Names For The No-Names

The Dolphins go to Pasadena with a defense akin to the gloriously anonymous bunch of a decade ago

by JOHN PAPANEK

Take yourself back, back in time: 10 years and two weeks, to be exact. Same city, Los Angeles (Pasadenans have their pride, but it's L.A. to the rest of us). Same teams, Miami Dolphins and Washington Redskins. On that day, Jan. 14, 1973, in Super Bowl VII, the Dolphins made a dream complete. With 11 defenders best known for the fact that nobody knew their names, the Dolphins beat the Redskins 14–7, thereby completing a perfect season, 17–0. It was the first time that a team had gone undefeated and untied in NFL history—and the last.

While a perfect season may never happen again, if it should, who can say that it won't be accomplished by the new version of the Dolphin defense? The faces have changed, but not much else. Nobody knows these players' names, either. And as it was with the great No-Name Defense of a decade ago, no one—not the fans, not the guys in the blimp, not even the Redskins, for all the miles of game films they're studying this week—will know exactly how or from which direction this Miami defense will be attacking. Although it may seem an exaggeration to say that the Miami Dolphins have revolutionized the art of defensive football, the way the Dolphins go about it, defense develops into something far more destructive than just stopping the other team's offense.

Don Coryell was the first to put his finger on it. Two weeks ago the Dolphins coldcocked his San Diego Chargers, possessors of what many football people were saying was the first truly *unstoppable* attack the game has known, 34–13. Coryell came to this conclusion about what he had just witnessed: "Their defense *is* really an extension of their offense. Quite extraordinary. It was almost as though our *offense* was on the defensive against *them*." It had been the Chargers' mission all season to prove that the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

best defense is indeed a good offense, but the Dolphins skewed that old bromide. The best offense for them is a good defense. As Wes Chandler, the Chargers' nonpareil pass receiver, said after being limited to just two catches, "They took away our bread and butter time after time after time. They jammed us at the line, took away the short routes, destroyed our quarterback's timing completely." That man, Dan Fouts, suffered what was easily his worst performance in three years—a mere 15 completions, five interceptions, three sacks. Said Fouts, "Miami gave us nothing."

Richard Todd was similarly flummoxed Sunday as Linebacker A.J. Duhe and his mates shut down the Jets in the AFC championship game.

"We never knew where they were coming from," said Jets Center Joe Fields. "We play against a lot of 3-4 defenses, but Duhe adds an extra dimension to Miami's. He lines up outside, he lines up inside. Sometimes both inside linebackers would be on the right or the left instead of in front of you. You get picked off by guys you don't even see." Configurations of ever-changing cross-blocking opened up holes in the lines of scrimmage—isn't the offense supposed to do that?—and blitzing linebackers burst through the gaps. As for the sleight-of-hand pass coverage: "Richard could only guess where to throw the ball to," said Wide Receiver Wesley Walker.

How do the Dolphins do it? What sets their defense apart from, say, that of the Redskins, the only team to allow its opponents fewer points this season than Miami? It can be put into two words. Bill Arnsparger. The 56-year-old Kentuckian has run Don Shula's defenses for 17½ years, interrupted by a 2½-year stint (1974-76) as head coach of the New York Giants. Shula considers him to be the greatest defensive football mind in the game.

Arnsparger will talk all day about his defense to anyone. But if that person doesn't carry a Dolphin playbook, it's uncanny how many different ways Arnsparger has of saying nothing and revealing less.

"What were you doing out there, *Bill?*"

"Well, our job was to stop their offense from scoring and get the ball for our offense so that it could score."

"But what did you do, specifically?"

"Well, we tried to play our patterns and hit hard. Same as we always do."

"What sorts of patterns?"

"Oh, the kinds of patterns we practice. Like we always do."

"How did you fool them so often?"

"Same ways we always do. It's as simple as that. Same as it ever was."

Let's try another approach. It's no secret that each week Arnsparger literally wears out game films analyzing an opponent. He draws up a 12-page scouting report pregnant with minute details, then condenses the essentials into four or five paragraphs that provide his players with everything they need to do to win. But if preparation and grinding thoroughness were all there is to it, Dick Vermeil, the Eagles' coach, wouldn't have blown a gasket. There has to be more.

The key is in the No-Names, or rather in the concept of 11 guys whose individual identities and skills don't matter nearly so much as their collective performance. Miami's defenders are like a hive of bees (Killer Bees, if you will). Whatever sense of personality each has derives from the whole. Arnsparger (we won't call him the queen bee) drills into his

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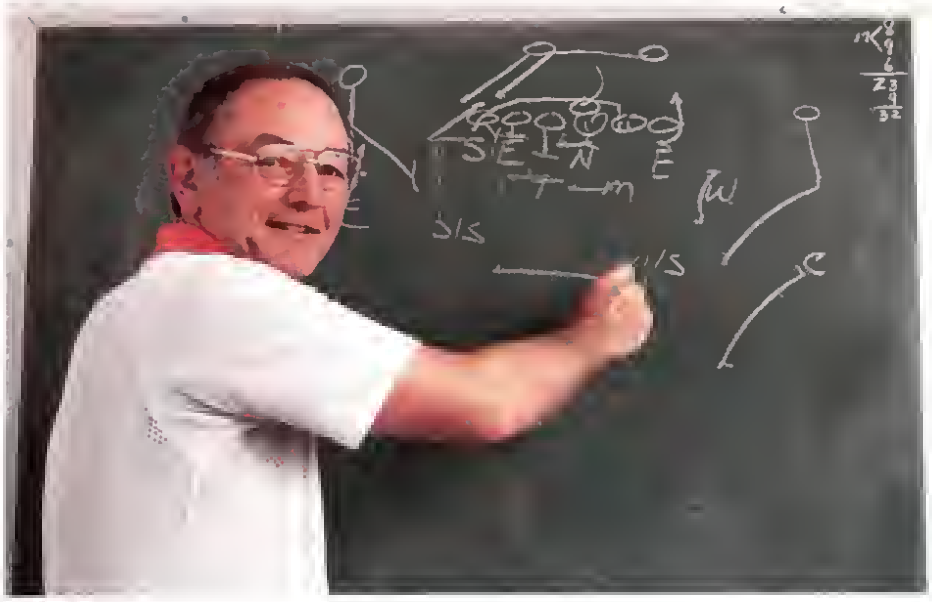

Arnsparger's chalky hieroglyphs must be more meaningful than his cautious words.

NO-NAMES *continued*

workers every conceivable alignment, play and variation that the opposition might come up with, so that the defense runs on automatic. And then—here's the paradox—the unit is free to be unpredictable, idiosyncratic, seemingly disordered but maddeningly confounding to the other team. The opposing offense, its game plan stymied, finds itself playing defensively, and the No-Names have succeeded in becoming an arm of *their* offense.

When the Dolphin defenders line up Sunday, they'll try to impose their group personality upon the Redskins' offense with the intent of causing havoc. If their game plan is succeeding, they'll do more than just keep Joe Theismann guessing. They'll disrupt everything, make everyone wonder what's going to happen on every snap of the ball. Where will they be coming from? Who's going to blitz? What's the coverage? Where are the holes? Will they be pinching inside or closing the flanks? Rushing three men or four? *Which* three? *Which* four?

"I've never seen defenses like the ones we've got," says veteran Linebacker Bob Brudzinski. "Nobody else runs stuff that we do—where the defensive end comes out in coverage, the linebackers play like linemen, the linemen play like linebackers, stunts are different on every snap. It really screws offenses up, never knowing what we're going to do."

Of course, the Dolphin defense hasn't snuck up on the NFL quite the way the No-Namers did a decade ago. The victory over Washington in Super Bowl VII was an amazing feat for a franchise that was then only seven years old, a franchise that had never had a winning season before Arnsparger and Shula arrived three years earlier.

The harbinger of the perfect season came in the 1971 AFC championship game, in which the Dolphins beat Baltimore, the defending Super Bowl champs, 21–0, giving the powerful Colts (Shula's and Arnsparger's previous team) their first shutout in seven years. That season ended with a 24–3 loss to Dallas in Super Bowl VI. But in 1972 Miami shut out Baltimore twice more, and New England as well, and just kept winning and winning—holding all opponents to an average of 12.3 points per game—until there were no more games left to win.

It was magical, really. "Even when we should have lost, and it probably would have been good for us to lose, we still won," says Center Jim Langer, now a bank officer in Minnesota. Even after the 14–0 regular season, most fans outside Miami knew only names from the offense—Bob Griese, Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick, Mercury Morris, Paul Warfield. One day a sportswriter was talking about this with Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti. "Your defense is so great," said the writer. "But no one knows who you are."

"Yeah," said Buoniconti, "that's right. We're a bunch of no-names."

And from that day forth they were no-names no longer, but No-Names. As a sobriquet it was better than The Purple People Eaters, better than The Fearsome Foursome. "Better," says Buoniconti, "because it reflected sacrifice and teamwork and humility. And those were exactly the things we played with." The No-Name Defense became legend. The irony, of course, is that soon their names were known as well as those of any who had made careers of stopping, instead of advancing, the football. Buoniconti became a two-time Pro-Bowler. As a prominent Miami attorney and TV commentator, he's even better known today than Sam Huff. Manny Fernandez, the lightning-quick tackle who earned his job as a free agent, became a symbol of the team and the first player with a Hispanic surname to star in pro football. Bill Stanfill, the big tackle from Georgia, went to three Pro Bowls. Bob Matheson, the

continued

In 1972 the old No-Names stuffed Jet John Riggins, now a Redskin foe in the Super Bowl.

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"fourth linebacker," is best remembered by his number, 53, because of the revolutionary alignment—the 53 Defense—that evolved into today's standard 3-4. Safeties Dick Anderson and Jake Scott, voted to eight Pro Bowl teams between them, formed perhaps the best deep-back tandem ever to play in the NFL.

Six of the old No-Names were leftovers from Coach George Wilson's Dolphin teams, which had never won more than five games in a season. There was only one first-round draft pick among those who came in under Shula—Matheson, who was nearly washed up as a defensive end in Cleveland when Miami got him in a trade. End Vern Den Herder was a ninth-rounder, Linebacker Mike Kolen

Still-life with linebackers and beer cans: Gordon (left), Rhone, Brudzinski and Duhe.

Still-life with linemen and Benzes: Ends Bokamper (left) and Betters flank Nose Tackle Baumhower.

was a 12th. Scott was a seventh-rounder, Linebacker Doug Swift, undrafted out of Amherst, was signed as a free agent after being cut in Canada.

"The No-Names," says Arnsparger, "were intelligent men who understood what we were trying to do and were willing to pay the price. I remember Swift being discouraged and asking his coach at Amherst how to make the NFL, and the coach telling him, 'Just put your hat on everything that moves.' That was the way it was for that team."

But now it's time to name the new No-Names (and even—dare we?—distinguish them as individuals). May I have the envelopes, please.

Announcing the top-rated defense in the NFL.

THE LINE. One end, Kim Bokamper, while in the locker room sometimes wears an ersatz championship belt and a black mask fashioned from an old pair of gym shorts. He calls himself the Opa Locka Region Wrestling Champion of the World. The other end, Doug Betters, flies his own airplane and once, admiring a pretty day over Carmel, Calif., drifted into an Air Force missile testing range and came close to being blasted to kingdom come. The nose tackle, Bob Baumhower, likes to don scuba gear and harass sharks. He owns a yellow-naped Amazon parrot named Ralph who talks a blue streak—in Spanish.

LINEBACKERS. Duhe married an Orange Bowl queen, drives a pickup truck, flies Betters' plane and drives Baumhower's boat. Larry Gordon grew up catching rattlesnakes in the backwaters of Louisiana. "Why?" he says. "To kill 'em." Earnie Rhone walked onto the team undrafted and won a job with a hit that knocked a running back's helmet off his head, 15 feet into the air and 20 yards across the field. Brudzinski is "100 percent Polish and proud" and "110 percent pleased" to have been rescued by trade from the laid-back L.A. Rams.

THE SECONDARY. Cornerback Don McNeal was one of a family of 10 children in Altmore, Ala., raised by their father, a farmer, after their mother died, and now counsels children of Florida migrant workers. The other corner, Gerald Small, learned aerial football as a high school quarterback at Edwards Air Force Base. The strong safety, Glenn Blackwood, was the 215th player chosen in the 1979 draft. And the free safety, Glenn's brother Lyle, was the 217th player cho-

Dr. Z Likes The Fins Over The Skins

The best thing about this Sunday's Miami-Washington Super Bowl is that we won't have to live with that hatred angle the way we did last week. You remember—the Dolphins said, "Oh, they think we'll be easy, huh?" and the Jets said, "We have a score to settle," and the Redskins said, "We want Dallas, bad," and Dallas said, "You've got us."

It was like those wrestling promos on TV: "Well, let his manager tell me that to my face, see!"

There is no natural rivalry between the Dolphins and the Redskins. Even little Garo Yepremian, who threw the fish-arm pass that gave the Skins their only touchdown in Miami's 14–7 win 10 Super Bowls ago, harbors no bitterness. "At halftime," he said last week, "I'll be ready to go out and reenact my pass at midfield."

A Super Bowl prediction: Miami 17, Washington 10. I find it impossible to pick against Bill Arnsparger's defense, a unit that's peaking at exactly the right time. At least half a dozen of the Miami defenders are at the top of their careers—Inside Linebacker A.J. Duhe, who intercepted those three passes against the Jets, cornerbacks Gerald Small and Don McNeal, the Blackwood brothers at the safeties, defensive ends Doug Betters and Kim Bokamper.

I like bump-and-run cornerbacks against receivers who are used to a steady diet of NFC-style, seven-yards-off coverage. I think the Skins' Charlie Brown and Alvin Garrett are going to have trouble.

I think John Riggins will get his yards, though. The Redskins have changed in Joe Gibbs's two years at the helm. He came in loaded with the complexities of the Air Coryell, San Diego system, but he has gradually cut back so that the dominant feature is now the 230-pound Riggins plowing behind those massive Hogs up front. I think a muscle team like that has the best chance against Miami. The Dolphins eat up the fancy Dans.

But do you want to know the real reason why I like the Dolphins? Here it is. Last week the Dolphins gave their main game ball to Duhe. The Skins awarded one to the owner, Jack Kent Cooke. That's a matchup that favors Miami all the way. An out bet.

—PAUL ZIMMERMAN

sen in 1973. Lyle, 31, the oldest member of the unit, "gypsied around" through five other teams before signing with the Dolphins in 1981. He had a well-earned reputation as a troublemaker, caused, he admits, by a passion for beering and brawling and a general disrespect for coaching. He has since reformed and found religion.

Perhaps it's most fitting that the captain of the defense, the very embodiment of sacrifice and determination, is Rhone. He was not only an undrafted free agent, but he also made his college team, Henderson State (Ark.), as a walk-on. "Now *there's* some great no-name potential," says Buoniconti. Although Rhone, who joined the Dolphins in '75, was an unknown and small for his position (210 pounds at the time), he believed that he was just as able as the three linebackers the Dolphins had claimed in the draft that year, and he knew he was hungrier. "The opportunity was there," says Rhone. "All I had to do was play my best. I decided that if Coach Shula were to run us all until we dropped, then I'd be the last to fall." He made the team with that helmet-popping tackle. Although he suffered knee injuries in 1976 and 1977, each year he came back after surgery. In the first game of 1981 he cracked a rib, and played in a flak jacket all year.

The defensive game is different now, primarily because of rules that protect pass receivers once they venture five yards beyond the line of scrimmage. Shula says that today's defensive backs—like the receivers they must shadow but not touch—are football's finest all-round athletes. "Don McNeal, for instance," says Shula, a former NFL defensive back himself, "is like a Wes Chandler on defense. Bodies like mine (he was a blocky 190 pounds in his playing days) have long been out of vogue for DBs."

Yet today's Dolphin defenders have a number of things in common with the No-Names. Duhe, for instance, was a defensive tackle at LSU with the mobility to switch to linebacker. He is used in much the same way that Matheson was in the 53 Defense. Conversely, Bokamper, a Pro Bowl linebacker in 1979, now uses his quickness and strength as a defensive end, as Den Herder did, and still does as a backup for Bokamper. Rhone, at outside linebacker, benefits from quickness more than size, in the manner of Buoniconti. Brudzinski, studious and hard-working, reminds Arnsparger of Swift, the Amherst scholar who quit in his prime to become an anesthesiologist in Pennsylvania. Gordon and his No-Name predecessor Mike Kolen represent the plain old, tough old, no-nonsense hitter. Betters, who tops out at nearly 7 feet tall in his helmet, is a new incarnation of Stanfill.

In the secondary, which ranks first in the league against the pass and first in interceptions, the Blackwoods play the parts of Anderson and Scott. Cornerbacks McNeal and Small, like Tim Foley and Curtis Johnson before them, try to force the pass routes into the middle, where the safeties roam hungrily. And the linebackers, as Duhe showed last week, can intercept passes, too.

Yet as far as Shula is concerned, there will be no comparing the '82 team with the No-Names, at least not for a while. "Let them do what the No-Names did," he says, always a bit testily. The No-Names remain a very special part of Shula's career. He won't trifle casually with their memory. "Let this group go 17–0, win two Super Bowls and three AFC championships," he says. To which Arnsparger might affably reply: "Same as we always do." END

Still-life with secondary and place mats: Small, Lyle and Glenn Blackwood, McNeal.

A Birthday To Remember

Nearly 70 years have passed since the author received his first fly rod but his memory of that boyhood gift is vivid still **by WALTER EDMONDS**

I suppose every boy remembers getting his first fly rod. Mine came to me on July 15, 1915, my 12th birthday. When I walked into the living room to open my presents I knew it must be in the long and narrow package, still in the brown paper that the rod maker had shipped it in. All the other packages were in birthday wrappings. Inside the paper the rod was boxed in four thin pine slats with heavier square endpieces. A screwdriver had been thoughtfully placed on the table for me to use in prying off a slat.

"Be careful how you do it, Watty," said Father. He was continually telling me to be careful.

I got the slat off with no difficulty and no damage to the box or the rod within.

"You will need the box to send the rod back in when you break it," Father observed, but I did not listen. I had lifted out the rod. Until that moment I had not been at all confident of having a fly rod of my own. When, shortly after my preceding birthday, I had announced that what I had really wanted was a fly rod, Father said I was too young and irresponsible to be entrusted with anything so fragile. But after a time he had relented, I suspect at some pleading by my mother. I found it difficult to untie the tape of the snuff-brown twill envelope that encased the rod and still more difficult to withdraw the rod from the case. Fly rods in those days came packed on a sort of cylinder covered with cloth, with indented spaces to accept the two tips, the middle joint and the butt, with two tapes near top and bottom to hold the pieces firmly in their places. I now not only held my rod, I could see it.

How can I describe it for you? The slender pieces were a pale cream color—or should I call them ivory—against more snuff-brown cloth. The windings seemed unique: a pair of black, a pair of red, a pair of black, a pair of red, all the way down to the tip end. The most beautiful rod I had ever laid eyes on. The joints of my wrists and knees seemed on the point of dissolving. I could scarcely lift the pieces from their molded places.

"Take care how you put it together," Father told me. Speechless, I could only nod. I knew how to set up a rod; I had set up his more than once when he was going off to fish. I took out a tip and the middle joint, rubbed the male end of the ferrule behind my ear for lubrication as Father had taught me (some vulgar practitioners, he said, employed the nose for this purpose) and inserted it into the female section at the top of the middle joint. They slid together with a smooth, totally satisfying firmness. I repeated the process, joining the middle joint to the butt. The handle, instead of being covered with cork, was wound with a fine gray-green cord that, to my eyes, was especially beautiful. As my fingers closed snugly around it I felt the action of the rod. I swung it gently from left to right in horizontal arcs, as I had seen Father do to "feel" a rod, and a sense of life, suddenly created, filled my being. A reel would have to be mounted and line threaded through the guides before the rod's action was complete.

There were other packages on the birthday table. From Father came a single-action reel with a line, untapered in those early days. It had a hard enamel

continued

I spent the afternoon putting the rod together and taking it apart, over and over.

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finish that could produce all kinds of kinks and snarls if one unwarily stripped too much from the reel, but that I was yet to learn. A wicker creel from my mother; it was somewhat smaller than my father's but serviceable nonetheless, with the same sort of sling. A landing net from my brother and a black leatherette fly book for an assortment of snelled flies and a couple of leaders from my little sister, Mary—I felt no boy could be better equipped to start out fishing with a fly. My heart burst with impatience to get off to our pond to test my skill at casting. There was, however, the birthday luncheon to sit through. On that particular morning I cared not an iota for ice cream, cake or party crackers, but mine was not a family to permit me to slight an observance of this nature.

Many of Father's old fishing friends visited at our farmhouse, near Boonville, N.Y.

So I shall spare you a catalog of tiresome details and give you instead the particulars of my new rod. It was 7½ feet long, weighed four ounces, and was made of lancewood by J.F. Pepper and Co., Inc. of Rome, N.Y. Why lancewood, not split bamboo? There were two reasons. First, lancewood was much less expensive. Behind the second reason hung a tale.

For 10 or 15 years, before, at the age of 50, he married my mother, Father had spent each September trout fishing in Quebec, where he and a Canadian enthusiast held a lease on the Murray River, or Malbaie as it was then called. Their water began at the foot of a spectacular 200-foot slide called La Chute, 10 or 12 miles above the river's mouth at Murray Bay, and extended all the way to the headwaters. Except for an occasional family of Indians, whose rights to fish had been retained, these two men had the river to themselves. In a real sense it was virgin fishing, and they and the friends they often took in with them came back with five- and six-pounders. Many were mounted for trophies. It was one such that a young rod maker named Pepper, about to set up business in Rome, saw in a taxidermist's shop. On impulse he sent Father one of his rods to try.

At the end of that year's fishing trip Father and two of his guides decided to make one last excursion from their base in the tiny village of St. Urbain to La Chute. It was a 24-mile round trip, and in their hurry to make it in the single day left to them, the head guide picked up Pepper's lancewood rod instead of the six-ounce bamboo Father had always used. The mistake was not discovered until they reached La Chute, where the four-ounce rod looked incongruously fragile against the great foaming slide, for La Chute was in spate. Yet the rod handled Father's double cast of No. 2 flies well. He sent his cast across the tumbling flood, then let it swing down with the current until his flies reached the calmer water close to shore. The minute he started to retrieve them the water exploded, he struck, and after 25 minutes of harrowing action the head guide, wading in until he was waist deep, netted the fish. It was a silvery gray female brook trout, 28 inches, 8¼ pounds. My father never again fished with anything but a lancewood rod.

So it was unthinkable to me, too, that my rod should be anything but lancewood. Father's friends, who visited us at our house near Boonville, N.Y. came with their costly bamboo rods made by the great rod makers of the day—Hardy in London or Leonard of New York—but none of them had ever landed an 8¼-pound trout, not even old Mr. Corning, who had fished in nearly every country in the world.

I had thought of taking my rod up to our pond that same birthday afternoon to try it out—myself out, too, if it came to that, for Father only occasionally had allowed me to attempt a cast or two with his rod. He had suggested the pond's dam as a good place for me to practice, and I could see the sense of that, for there were no shrubs or trees to catch one's back-cast. However, when I muttered something about going up, my older brother John instantly suggested that the whole family should go with me to see how I made out. I knew I could not perform before an audience and chose instead to carry all my presents to my bedroom; I spent the rest of the afternoon taking the rod out of its case, putting it together and returning the pieces to their slots and replacing all in the envelope of twill. I did this over and over; I have no recollection of how many times, but it was a deeply satisfying afternoon.

Next day was better, because John had an appointment with the dentist in Boonville and, because she felt he might need an encouraging presence, my mother was driven over with him in the buckboard, taking Mary with her. Father was at work in the living room, finishing a

brief for one of his law cases, and no one saw me when I slipped out of the house and started for the pond.

It was a heavy, gray morning without a breath of wind. The pond with its woodland banks and small indented bays was mysterious and hushed, the water slick and still. I put my creel and net down on the grass at the middle of the dam—I had come up with all of my accouterments—unhooked the single fly (Father had suggested I begin my efforts with only one fly on my leader), stripped some line from the reel, raised the rod tip and began, with what has since been called all deliberate speed, my first false casts. A good deal to my surprise, the casts lengthened. I let the stripped line run free and was again surprised to see the fly shoot forward and plop into the water perhaps 15 feet away. I retrieved the fly with short twitches as I had watched Father do, and cast again. The fly went about the same distance and hit the water with the same solid plop. I tried again, putting more force into the forward cast. I must have hurried because there was a snap at my back and the leader lighted on the pond without a fly.

There was no point in searching for the fly. Wet flies then were tied with snells; once the snell snapped or pulled free there was no remedy. But I was not unduly troubled, for I had had the foresight to begin my new way of fishing with a fly for which I had not much respect, called a Yellow Sally. Father did not think much of that pattern either. Because there were two more Yellow Sallies in the book my sister had given me, the somewhat disloyal thought entered my mind that Father had not only supplied the flies but unloaded some he considered undesirable. Still, there is no other pattern more visible in the water, so I fastened another to the leader and renewed my attempts to cast.

I shan't continue this description except to say that a magic moment arrived. I do not remember exactly when, or even how, that sudden awareness of the rod's rhythm touched my wrist and hand: the timing of the backcast, the unseen sensing of the line above and behind me, the easy curl as the forward cast began, the leader extending almost straight beyond the line and the fly meeting the water with a touch. Once experienced, it becomes a part of the blood. It was not lost even if the excitement of an unexpected rise or too much anticipation discombobulated the rhythm. Inevitably, it returned after a pause of a minute or two. You might call it skill, or knowledge, I suppose. To a very young fly fisherman, however, it was the beginning of life.

Every day from then on, when I got time, I went up to the pond to practice casting from the dam. My brother said that if I ever labored as hard at working as I did at fishing with a fly, I would become a famous man. I considered his remark contemptible, but Father seemed to agree with him. I ignored what they said and continued my casting. One afternoon to my utter astonishment a trout rose for my fly. It was a sizable fish, I even saw the red stripe on his side, and I struck with all my might. Why my rod did not break I cannot now imagine. But the leader snapped, and I lost another fly.

When I described my experience at supper I said that the trout must have weighed a pound. John laughed at me.

"It did!" I said hotly, and then remembering a phrase Mr. Corning had used, said, "It was a real, *smashing* big rise."

"Don't lie, Watty," Father said.

My mother bravely took my part.

"I don't think he's lying, dear," she said. "He's just telling us how it seemed to him."

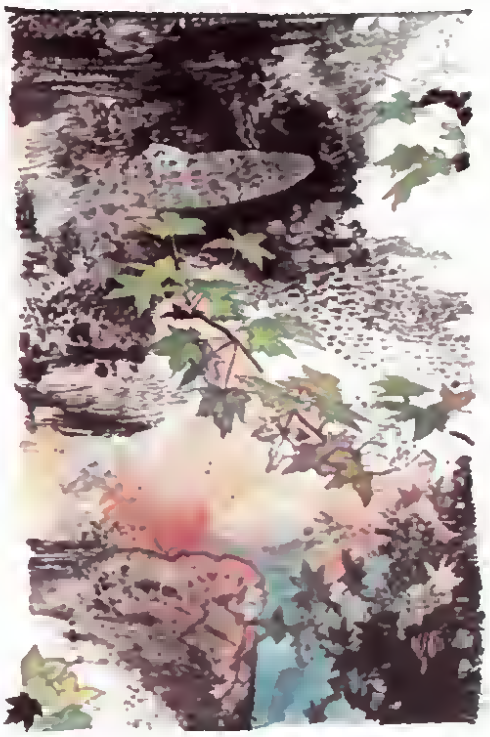
"It's lying all the same," Father maintained "I don't like liars. I won't have liars in my family! Watty is always telling lies about the fish he didn't catch."

This was an accusation that could apply to fishermen other than myself, but it did not seem to me a favorable time to bring it to my family's attention, and, after all, Father could always point to the 8¼-pound trout *he* had caught. It was mounted under glass and hung over the living room fireplace. So I kept silent under Father's bleak stare, waiting for the subject to peter out. It did, and three days later Father surprised me by asking if I would like to go fishing with him at Miller's Hole, above us on the Black River. He had finished the brief he had been working at and could allow himself a holiday. Each of us would take his own fly rod. Surprised and feeling almost humble, I said I would like to go.

Father had left his rod mounted and resting on three pegs in the living room, but I went through my usual ritual of taking my rod out of its case and put the pieces together on the front veranda. When I had threaded the line through the guides and tied on the leader, Father, who had been watching the deliberate process with barely disguised impatience, saw that I was hesitating over my choice of flies.

"Put on an Edmonds for the dropper and a Brown Hackle," he said. "If they don't raise a fish for you, nothing will."

The Edmonds fly had been invented accidentally by Father in his youth when, while putting a White Miller on his cast, he noticed that some red floss was caught around the body. The floss seemed hopelessly entangled, so in frustration Father used the fly as it was and immediately caught a trout on it. And then another, and another until he had six in his basket. From then on he always



There was the shadow of the trout in the cold pool.

continued

fished with a White Miller that had red floss around the body. He named it after himself, and by the time I came along he was having it tied by Hardy in London and William Mills & Son in New York City. He never fished with any other pattern. He was a very consistent man in his habits. And, after all, this had paid off in that great 8¼-pound trout. Or so he said. There was always a picky little question in my mind because the great fish behind its bell of glass was mounted with a Brown Hackle in its jaw and the Edmonds fly below at the end of a graceful swirl of the leader.

However, after once raising the question I knew better than to do so again, and now I dutifully put on an Edmonds as my dropper with a Brown Hackle as the tail fly. We set out for our objective about half a mile upriver from the house.

We did not follow the river shore but went overland across the sand flats. Father was a vigorous walker. With my short legs I had to trot in his wake to keep reasonably close. It was a hot afternoon, even for July; my creel bumped against my knee and my landing net kept getting snagged by the scrub we passed through. I was hot and blown and tired by the time we came out above Miller's Hole. It lay 50 feet below us, a horseshoe-shaped pool, the concave shore formed by our sandy bank fully in the afternoon sun. The other shore was wooded, with a gnarled old butternut leaning far out to further shade the water.

We scrambled down to the foot of the pool and Father immediately divided the fishing. He was to keep our shore for himself because, though the sun was on it, that was where the pool was deepest, and, besides, the current from the rapids above ran along it. I could see that; now and then a grasshopper came floating down, drawing a moderate rise.

"You wade across here at the foot," Father told me, "and fish the other bank."

"I don't see anything rising over there," I said.

"That doesn't matter," Father said impatiently. "What we want is to take back a trout for Mother's breakfast, and with this sun a long cast will be needed to raise a fish. Go on, Watty. It will give you practice."

I looked up at him but could find no hint of a possible change of heart. There was nothing to do but wade to the far shore. Because the river was very low the water did not come above my waist, but I slipped and floundered on the round, uneven stones and made a good deal of splashing, which caused Father to expostulate. I paid no heed, being out of reach, and once across made my way up to the old butternut, which grew almost exactly at the apex of the convex shore. A plantation of ostrich ferns made the shade seem still cooler, and I sat down among them to nourish my resentment while I watched Father make his beautiful long casts, his backcast reaching almost as far out behind him. I despaired of ever being able to fish as beautifully as he.

On the other bank, Father's cheeks were wet with sweat.

There was nothing to snag his long backcasts, I observed. But how could I, only just beginning to learn the art, be expected to fish from this shore where the woods came to the water's edge? My sense of being unfairly treated swelled, and I stared across at Father with something close to real dislike. But after a few minutes subtle changes began to take place in me. I noticed that his cheek under the small white felt hat he always wore in the country was glassy with sweat. I noticed, too, that while his casts were as impressive as ever, he was getting very little action. I realized, as well, that the coolness in the ferns was even more delicious than it had been and, further, that I myself felt cool and refreshed. Beyond me the water seemed barely to move, but it was dark and green from the trees that shaded it. And all of a sudden I remembered walking in the previous autumn through the woods behind where I was now sitting and happening on a strong-running spring. Most of all I remembered following it toward the river only to see it mysteriously vanish into the ground. It went under a log but did not come up anywhere I could find though I quartered the remaining woods between that log and the river.

Now, sitting among the ferns, the thought came to me that the spring running underground must emerge into Miller's Hole somewhere between where I sat and the old butternut. Down there where it came out the water should be a lot cooler than it was elsewhere in the pool. If I could get my fly out to wherever the cold spot was, perhaps I could find a fish.

I looked at the Edmonds fly and the Brown Hackle on my leader with skepticism and distaste. I took them off and put them back into my fly book and selected instead a fly I had seen in the local hardware store, a rather fuzzy, grayish brown affair the storekeeper called a Hare's Ear. Wading out about eight feet from shore, I

tried a few horizontal casts, hoping to keep my backcast beneath the branches. It worked all right as far as that was concerned, but I could not seem to get my forward cast very far from shore. Besides, I wanted to put my flies closer to the butternut, but because it was to my right, upstream, to do so simply was not feasible. In this dilemma Mr. Corning came to my rescue. For an old and confirmed bachelor he had a great deal of patience with a curious and persistent small boy. One afternoon he gave me a demonstration in roll casting. I was amazed at the distance he could throw a line when he had merely brought the flies into his feet and then with a sudden forward casting of the rod sent the line rolling out across the water. Mr. Corning had even let me hold the rod above his hand while he demonstrated, so I could get the feeling of what he did. He would not let me try it by myself because I wasn't strong enough to handle his Hardy rod properly.

But now I tried it with my own lancewood. And after two or three attempts I was able to get my flies 10 or 12 feet out from where I stood. That, I felt pretty sure, would bring my fly over deep water.

I let my Hare's Ear drift and sink. When I thought it might be deep enough, I retrieved it very slowly, giving a kind of wiggle to the tip of my rod. With the next cast I moved three steps upstream. On my fourth or fifth cast I was throwing the fly into the deep shade under the butternut. And this time, as I began to bring in my fly there was a sudden, oily, utterly silent swirl in the water where I thought the fly must be. I tried not to strike too hard. But the hook went home. I had a fish on.

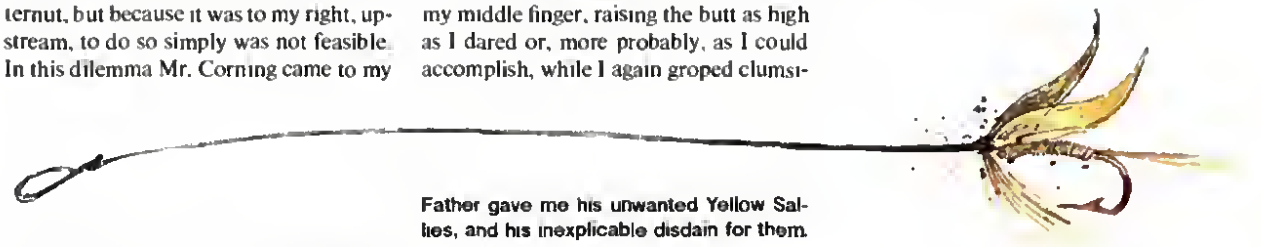
He felt like a pretty good one, but he did not make any great gyrations. He seemed to be bent on boring for the bottom and then towards the butternut, whose lower branches touched the water. In panic I moved downstream step-by-step until the tree was no longer a threat. Then I started backing toward the shore. The fish came along, though with considerable reluctance. But I was merciless. I kept reeling in my line, until all at once I saw a dim shape near the surface.

For the first time I remembered my landing net. Somehow it had worked its way around me till it was hanging over my rump. It was necessary to manage rod and fish with my right hand alone. I snubbed the line against the handle with my middle finger, raising the butt as high as I dared or, more probably, as I could accomplish, while I again groped clumsily behind my back for the net handle.

No matter how I tried, my fingers could not reach it. I began to grow frantic. The fish seemed to have sensed my difficulties, for he began to slop alarmingly about, this way and that near the surface. Now I could see something of it. He looked enormous, and sheer terror of his ripping himself free made me ease the pressure on the rod butt. To my relief the surface disturbance ceased and he resumed his underwater tactics. I was still unable to reach the net handle, but it suddenly occurred to me to pull on my creel sling. This brought the net's snap around enough for me to grasp it. I undid it and thrust the net out to the full stretch of my arm, dipping it underwater. Again I raised the rod butt, drawing the fish toward me. He came into the net as unprotestingly as any lamb. I lifted the net. His head was at the bottom, but what looked like a third of his length extended over the hoop. In a spasm of fright I flung fish and net together onto the bank as far as I could and followed at top speed. We fell almost as one into the ferns. I grabbed the flopping body and hammered the back of his head against a nearby stone. Then I laid him down tenderly among the ferns to hunker over him and drink in the sight of him, inch by inch and spot by spot.

I had never seen a fish exactly like him. From his red and black spots I deduced that he must be some sort of trout, but he certainly was not what in his more orotund moments Father referred to as "the noble *Salvelinus fontinalis*." I did not know what he could be, but he was the longest trout I had seen except for specimens mounted behind glass. And I had caught him.

Suddenly I thought of Father and parted the ferns. He was still casting, though farther up the pool than when I had last seen him, and while I watched he raised and brought in what appeared to be a pretty small trout. He measured it, however, against the six inches marked out on the lid of his creel; the fish must have qualified, for he put it into the basket. That reminded me that I should do the same with my own fish.



Father gave me his unwanted Yellow Sallies, and his inexplicable disdain for them.

It was not as simple an operation as Father had experienced with his small trout. In the first place, as I have said, mine was an undersized creel. I picked a few ferns to line the bottom, not so much because ferns were supposed to help keep fish fresh and cool, but because I thought the green lining would make my trout look still more beautiful. Then I tried laying him on his bed. Of course he was much too long. I considered doubling him up on himself, but his body was too stiff to make such an abrupt curve and, besides, he would look extremely odd when I took him out after we reached home. So I compromised by bending him slightly and letting his tail emerge from the hole in the lid of the creel. The tail stuck up through the hole like the picture of the flukes of a diving whale I had often pored over in our copy of *Moby Dick*.

It was just then that Father called across the river.

"Watty, come along. There's no use fishing any longer. The sun's too bright."

I stood up among the ferns, slung the basket over my shoulder and picked up my rod and net. Just before I stepped out from the trees, however, something impelled me to hitch my basket around until it was squarely behind my back, almost hidden. Wading over, I slipped and floundered on the stones just as I had before, but Father made no comment. He just stood and watched me with impatient eyes. When I came up to him he turned abruptly and started climbing the

continued

sandy bank, and I scrabbled after him.

We walked all the way home in silence, but that did not trouble me. Inside me something was bubbling. You could not call it a song, nor yet a hallelujah. Whatever it was, satisfaction was an elemental part. The distance between Miller's Hole and home did not seem anywhere near as long as it had before.

My mother was standing on the front veranda as we walked up the drive. She had already changed for supper and, in contrast to us, looked incredibly cool and beautiful in her full white skirt and linen blouse with its stock of white piqué.

"Oh, Gridgy," she said, using her pet name for Father as she looked down, "did you have good luck?"

"No," he said. "I only caught two. Almost too small to keep, but they'll make you a nice breakfast."

He opened the lid of his creel to show her, and she exclaimed over his fish, smiling in what seemed always to my eyes her heavenly way, her voice lifting as she said, "Oh, Gridgy! They're beautiful fish. Not at all small, really. I'll love them!"

The way she did this never failed to make Father glow; he didn't exactly preen himself, but you could tell how immense she had made him feel.

By then my brother and little sister had joined our group to look at Father's trout. A moment passed before my brother became aware of me.

"What did you get, Watty?" he asked. "Or did it get away?"

"Yes," my mother said, suddenly solicitous, as if realizing she had left me out. "Did you have any luck?"

"I caught a fish," I muttered. All at once I felt uncertain, as if winds might blow on me from unexpected quarters.

"Speak up," Father said impatiently.

"I said I got a fish," I repeated, quite loudly.

"Let's see him, if you did," John said.

I leaned my rod against the railing of the porch and hitched my basket around.

I carefully laid this strange fish in the ferns and studied him, inch by inch, spot by spot.

The lid came into view with the flukes extending through the hole. Even before I unfastened the catch I sensed the hush that had gripped Father. When I nerved myself to look at him his eyes were staring at that monstrosity (as he must have thought it) of fish tail. When I opened the lid and hauled out my fish, he still was silent. So were the others until my mother, with that same *lift* in her voice but this time for me, exclaimed, "Oh, Watty! What a gorgeous fish! He's beautiful!"

I had straightened him out as well as I could but he still had a sort of sidewise look.

"I don't exactly know what it is," I said, "but I think it's some kind of trout."

"Do you know what it is, Gridgy?" asked my mother.

Father still stared at it, distaste, contempt and something else I was not sure of written on his face.

"I think," he said, after a moment's pause, "I think it's a brown trout. A coarse kind of fish, not at all like a brook trout. Hardly worth cooking."

We looked at him. His face was flushed, his very blue eyes suddenly blazed.

"You know what Watty's fish is?" he asked us in his courtroom voice. "It's a brown trout, all right. It's a German brown trout."

Nothing he could have said could have condemned my fish more utterly. For it was now 11 months since the start of World War I. In that time Father, who was half French, had gone through many traumas, from the invasion of Belgium and France to the Battle of the Marne and, not least, changing the style of his mustache. Until Aug. 5, 1914, he had sported a mustache with sharply upturned tips in imitation of the Kaiser, whose imperialist manners he admired. Now all things German had become anathema to him. How terrible it must have seemed to have his river invaded by a German fish! I was subdued and wanted only to take my fish away to clean it in the kitchen.

No one stopped me. Afterward I took my rod upstairs, dismantled it and wiped each piece before bestowing it in its appointed slot.

I dressed for supper. It turned out to be a rather silent meal. When it was time to go to bed my mother came out with me to the foot of the stairs.

"That's a fine fish, Watty."

"Yes," I said, speaking truth. The trout had measured 16½ inches and weighed a little under three pounds. "But Father thinks it was wrong for me to catch it," I added.

"Perhaps," she said. "But perhaps he thinks you were not altogether kind when you did not show it to him up there on the river."

She kissed me and I climbed the stairs, carrying a variety of thoughts which kept muzzing about until I had crawled between my sheets. I lay with hands beneath my head and caught that fish all over again. I supposed that maybe my mother was right and I had not been kind to Father. But then the suspicion came that if I had shown him the fish there by Miller's Hole he would have wanted me to put it back into the water. The more I thought of that the surer I became.

So I caught the fish in my mind still another time and at the end fell off to sleep in the sublime conviction that there was on earth no finer sport than fishing with a fly. END

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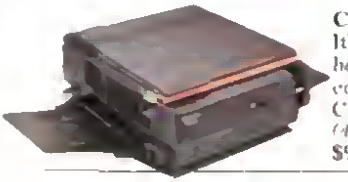

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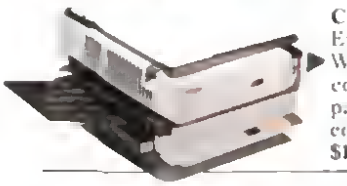

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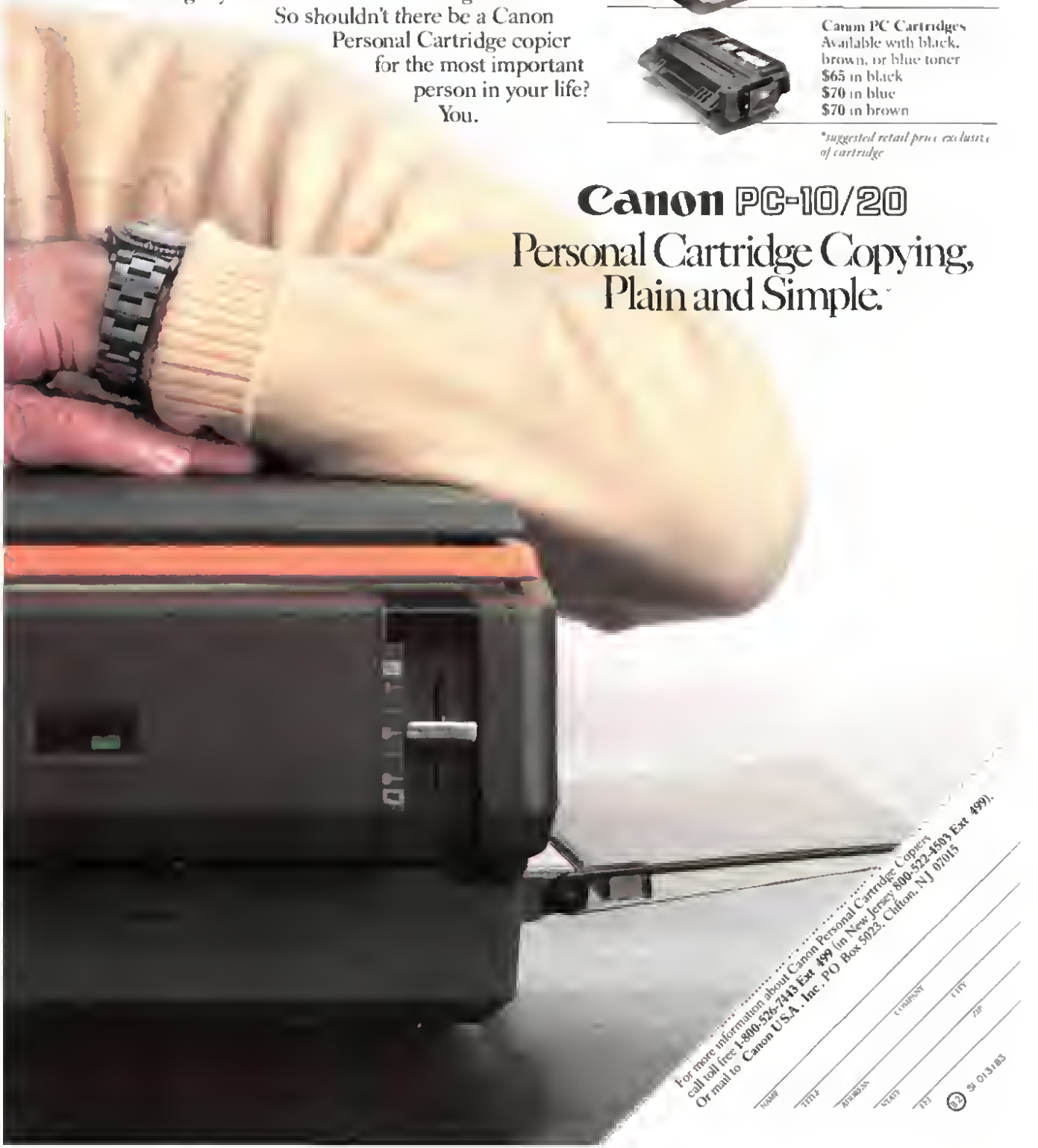

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Chouinard climbs into a pile cardigan ($54), Balaclava ($15), gloves and navy polypropylene shirt, all by Patagonia.

Time to wring out the new

Polypropylene and polyester may not sound like the stuff to don on a raw winter's day, but fabrics made from these two plastics have become increasingly important in cold-weather sportswear. They are lightweight, tough, easy to launder and nonabsorbent. Best of all, they wick moisture away from the body.

In Norway polypropylene knits have been used for years, first for lining diapers and later for making underwear prized by North Sea fishermen. Its wicking effect apparently keeps them as dry as babies. The main disadvantage of the underwear was that it didn't have the same insulating qualities as the old red woolies.

Enter polyester, the stuff of leisure suits. That familiar material has now been knit and brushed especially to form fluffy pile, bunting and fleece that insulate like wool but, as sailors and outdoorsmen have discovered, when soaked, can be removed, wrung out and put right back on again. The polyester will continue to insulate while drying.

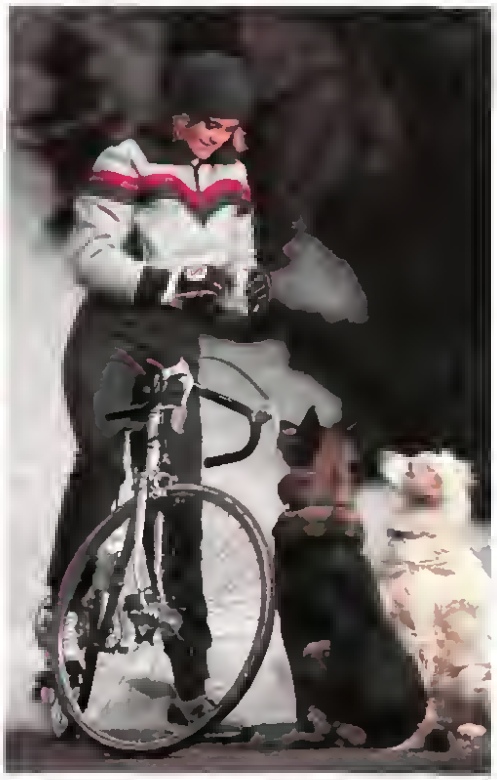
The man most responsible for bringing these Scandinavian miracles to the new world is Yvon Chouinard, a Canadian-born Californian who has turned a lifelong passion for mountain climbing into a successful business in mountaineering equipment and the Patagonia brand of sportswear. "Function, durability and timeless non-fashion styling," Chouinard says, are his creed. It's also a fitting motto for the new-tech garments shown here, all photographed in New Mexico's Taos Ski Valley.

—JULE CAMPBELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT

Peter Blake (left) runs in Helly-Hansen's polypropylene bodywear ($19) and G.U.T.S. jacket ($75), Pam Garrison in Roffe's fleece outfit ($100) and Chip Highfill in Patagonia's polypropylene-lined nylon outfit ($132).

Kathy Ireland is set for the slopes in Serac's polypropylene pullover with nylon trim ($59) and later shares a snack with two friends in her fleece pullover from Levi's Skiwear ($75) and pants from North Face ($30).



Sur-Sox wears a halter, Connie Blake a fleece jacket from Roffe ($55); Ken Gallard (right) heads for the hills in Helly-Hansen's pile jacket with oxford-cloth reinforcement ($149).

"Frontline" rehashed the old allegation that Rosenbloom was murdered.

Unfounded findings

What PBS's NFL exposé exposed was the network's poor journalism

by William Taaffe

Let's say, just to fantasize for a moment, that you own a one-tenth interest in a hotel in which Charles Manson also happens to be an investor. You're at poolside one afternoon when Manson's minions are seen entering the hotel. This means you belong to the Manson Family, right? Otherwise, why would you be there? Now suppose you're a big bettor. One day while painting your house you fall off a ladder and break your neck. Everyone assumes the Mafia controls betting and you're a heavy gambler, so one of the mob's enforcers must have pushed you off the ladder. Obviously, you owed the late Meyer Lansky some money.

This was the kind of flawed logic used on *Frontline*, the PBS series that on Jan. 17 began a 26-week run with a slippery production called *An Unauthorized History of the NFL*. Ignoring convincing evidence that former L.A. Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom drowned accidentally, the show suggested that he may have been murdered instead. *Frontline* also accepted a discredited source's word that he helped fix NFL games between 1968 and '70. And using that old McCarthyite tool—guilt by association—the program smeared the reputations of several team owners and former players. The much publicized show billed itself as an unprecedented TV investigation of links among gambling, organized crime and the NFL. In reality, it was a textbook example of grade B journalism, a poorly researched effort that rewarmed old allegations, substituted a tissue of innuendo for fact and ignored the canons of fairness.

To say that PBS threw an incomplete pass with this program—*New York Times* Sports Columnist Dave Anderson called it "An Unidentified History of the NFL"—isn't to say that all NFL owners have just come out of a monastery. It's also not to aver that no quarterback has ever intentionally thrown an interception or that no owner has ever bet on—or even against—his team. Betting exists. Not all mobsters sell tomatoes. Gambling's threat to the integrity of pro football is obvious and ever present.

However, the breezy implication that several owners are cozy with Mafiosos, and sensationalized charges of murder and game-fixing deserve corroboration before they receive a public airing. Senior Producer Mike Kirk was asked why *Frontline* offered no substantiating evidence when, for example, it stated that Dallas Cowboys owner Clint Murchison sought to do business with New Orleans mobster Carlos Marcello. Someone should preserve Kirk's reply. "Well," he said, "if there isn't [any corroboration], they can sue us, right? They can complain about it in public." Kirk has things backward. The burden of proof shouldn't be on the person the journalist is covering, but upon the journalist himself. Kirk went on to say that PBS does have corroborating evidence of Murchison's alleged ties to Marcello. Asked why PBS didn't broadcast that information, Kirk said, "It's only an hour show, right?" Wrong. The most basic rules of journalism and fairness demand that if you don't have time to air it right, don't air it.

Frontline's host, Jessica Savitch, admitted having minor reservations with the show. "Did I get my way on every point?" she says. "No. But I think we did a good job. I'm supporting our people. And if I'm proven wrong, I'm proven wrong." One of Savitch's most serious wrongdoings was to allege guilt by association. A typical example. Chargers owner Gene Klein once invested in an Acapulco hotel. So did Sidney Korshak, identified by Savitch as a mob lawyer. Klein was once at the hotel when Lansky held an underworld meeting there. "Aha!" the viewer is led to infer. "Klein equals Korshak. Korshak equals Lansky. Ergo, Klein equals Lansky." Savitch, who is on loan from NBC News to PBS for the *Frontline* series, said such associations were mentioned for the supposedly higher purpose of demonstrating that the NFL doesn't enforce its own rules against owners' and players' fraternizing with gamblers. In this case, the end didn't justify the means.

The two segments that grabbed the most headlines for *Frontline* maintained a) that Rosenbloom, who reportedly was a big bettor, may have been murdered in the surf off Golden Beach, Fla. in April 1979, and b) that one John Piazza (a.k.a. John Petracelli) helped fix a total of 12 NFL games in 1968, '69 and '70. *Frontline* gussied up these revelations with Bela Lugosi suspense music, eerie winds blowing, shots of car headlights in the dead of night and—hold your breath!—a court reporter's fingers taking down sensational testimony. This was pure Hollywood: The weaker the script, the slicker the packaging.

Frontline paid someone it identified as a bookie's runner about $1,500 to repeat underworld gossip that a mysterious man in a wet suit lurked beneath the waves until Rosenbloom, an avid swimmer, went in the water, held Rosenbloom under until he drowned and escaped

continued

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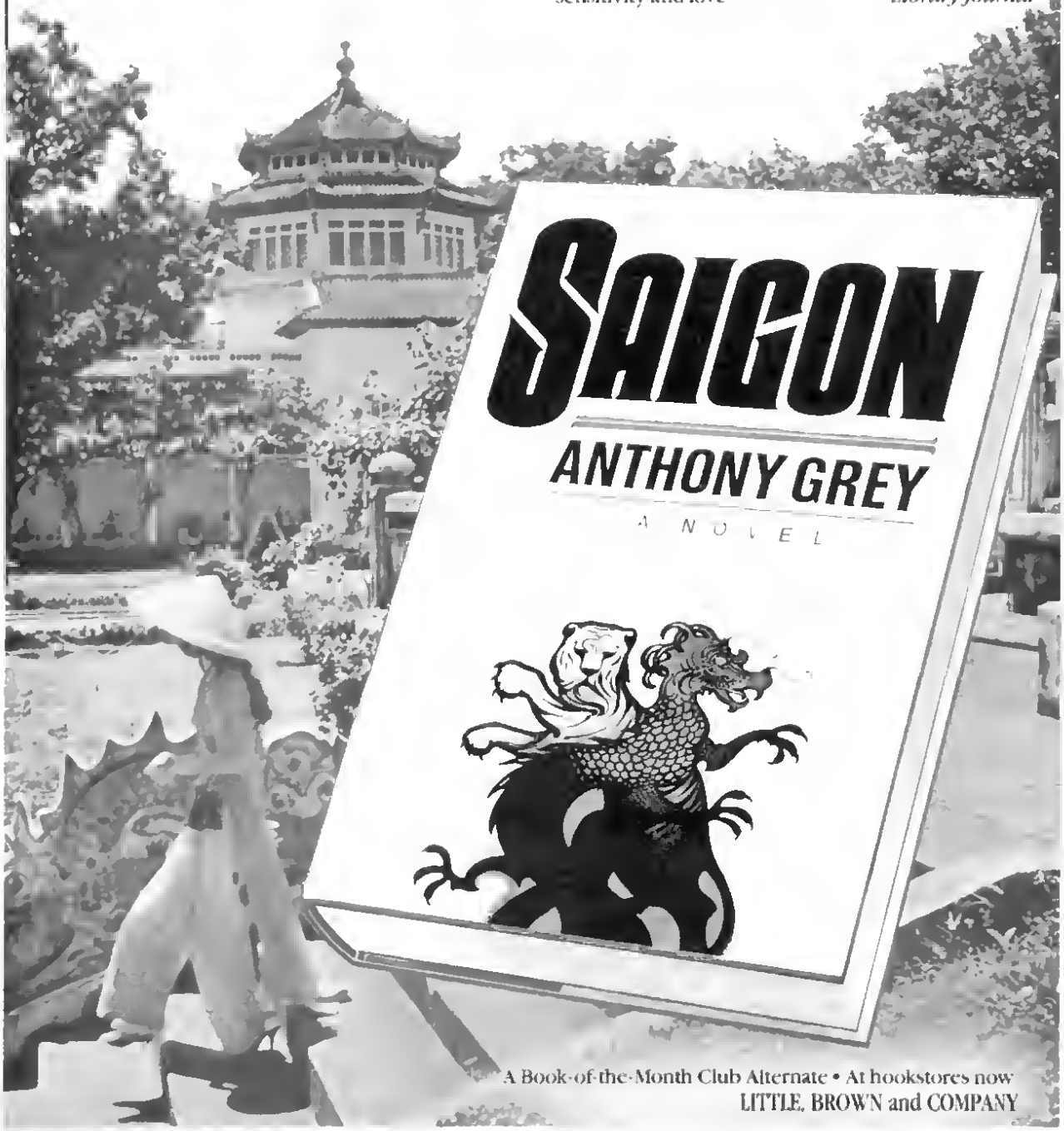

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without being seen. We then heard an eyewitness, Raymond Tanguay of Montreal, say that he saw a "black object" in the water while attempting to rescue Rosenbloom. Savitch deduced from this that Rosenbloom's penchant for gambling "raises questions about how he died." But she suggested no motive for the bizarre episode.

Astonishingly, *Frontline* investigator Scott Malone talked to no one mentioned in the police report of Rosenbloom's drowning except Tanguay. Not to Alexander Papp of the Bronx, the last person to speak with Rosenbloom. Papp warned Rosenbloom before he entered the water that the undercurrent was especially strong that day. Not to retired Golden Beach Police Chief William Henrikson, who pulled Rosenbloom's body out of the surf and said at the time that the ocean conditions were the worst he'd ever seen. Not to two women who witnessed the drowning from a second-story window, one of whom last week described the "dark object" as possible debris or sea moss. Not to Officer Ron Nasca, who helped Henrikson retrieve the body. Not to Charles Major, the chief investigating officer, who last week said that Rosenbloom's body bore none of the signs one would expect from a struggle, such as bruises or broken fingernails.

Frontline made no mention of the severe ocean conditions on April 2, 1979. Indeed, the footage it chose to show of the Golden Beach surf was deceptively placid. Dade County Medical Examiner Joseph H. Davis, who ruled that Rosenbloom's death was accidental, says he advised Malone to interview witnesses besides Tanguay. "The *National Enquirer* does a better job of verifying its sources than these people did," says Davis. "This is the same stuff that happened with the JFK assassination—people dismissing evidence because it doesn't fit their preconceived plan."

As for the game-fixing allegation, *Frontline* provided no substantiation other than the word of Piazza, whom PBS interviewed in the North Dade stockade in Florida, where he was awaiting sentencing—he ultimately got nine years—on a federal weapons charge. Although Piazza did pass a lie detector test administered by PBS, Savitch failed to note that in a 1980 drug-smuggling trial Federal Judge Norman C. Roettger said Piazza had "impeached" his own testimony. "He has admitted to everything under the sun," said Roettger at the trial. Piazza has repeated his story of the fixed NFL games to federal and state grand juries for some 10 years.

Piazza told *Frontline* that he arranged the fixing of four NFL games a year in 1968–70 by enlisting the help of a quarterback, coach and defensive captain. He said his payments to the players and coach ranged from a total of $300,000 to $800,000 per game. According to Las Vegas odds-maker Bob Martin, for Piazza to make a profit he would have had to bet $3 million to $5 million on each of these games. "The amount of money he mentions, it's a fantasy," says Martin. "He's living a fairy tale." Martin, currently appealing a conviction for transmitting gambling information across state lines, points out that Piazza would have been forced to bet with thousands of bookmakers all over the country, because few bookies would take more than $3,000 on a game without becoming suspicious. Eventually, Piazza would have been unable to get his bets down. "The line would go way up and the game might be taken off the boards," says Martin. "Even if he bet with well-known names—he mentioned [lay-off bookies Marty] Sklaroff and Gil Beckley, and they knew almost everybody everywhere—even they couldn't bet 25 percent of that kind of money. This guy's credibility is zero. Plus, with Sklaroff and Beckley he picked two names who are dead [or missing and presumed dead]." Moreover, according to James Jay Hogan, a Miami criminal lawyer who represented Sklaroff and Beckley at various times from 1967 to '75 on several gambling charges, federal wiretaps of the two men's phone calls picked up no conversations between either of them and Piazza during those years, or at any other time.

Savitch says unconvincingly, "We did a good job."

The most disturbing facet of Piazza's allegations is that he evidently supplied names, dates and places to *Frontline*, but Executive Producer David Fanning chose not to reveal them for lack of corroboration. Says Kirk, "What we lacked to actually name names is enough evidence to go into a massive libel situation and have absolutely no risk of losing." Terrific. A story either is thoroughly checked out or it isn't. If you don't feel confident you can win a libel case, you have no business maligning people or organizations on national television.

"It was a difficult call," says Kirk. "There is an increasingly stern test applied to information in courts that makes it harder to go with something this explosive." In other words, PBS sort of believed Piazza—not enough to mention names and go to court, but, as George Wallace used to say, enough to put the hay down where the goats can get at it. "In this case we decided to put what Piazza said out there and let the viewers decide whether to believe him," says Kirk. "I don't know whether they will. I suppose time will tell."

Last week, SI talked with five of the six members of *Frontline*'s at-large editorial advisory committee, a kind of sounding board for the show's producers. Two of them, syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman and University of Massachusetts journalism professor Lawrence Pinkham, said they missed the program. TV Producer Michael Ambrosino and Jonathan Moore, director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, declined to comment. The fifth panelist, former CBS News President Richard Salant, who's now an adviser to NBC, said, "This puts me in an awkward position. I think I owe it to them to stay quiet and to talk to them about it. I can only say I have some questions—quite a number of questions." **END**

UNLV has its act together

The 16–0 Runnin' Rebs are headed for the big room—the NCAA tournament

by Jack McCallum

The best show in Las Vegas these days isn't playing at Caesars Palace or the MGM Grand but at the Las Vegas Convention Center. It's called the University of Nevada, Las Vegas basketball team, and it stars high-steppin' talent under the direction of a balding, sad-eyed Armenian guy who looks and sometimes talks like an old burlesque comic. Call him Slapsie Maxie Tarkanian.

Yes, Coach Jerry Tarkanian has his Runnin' Rebels out of the gate faster than any other NCAA Division I team. After last week's two Pacific Coast Athletic Association victories—over Cal State-Long Beach by 95–83 and over Cal State-Fullerton by 76–71 in the Convention Center, a.k.a. Tark's Shark Tank—UNLV was the only unbeaten major-college team in the nation, with 16 straight wins. Unranked in the preseason, the Rebels are now No. 3 in SI's poll. That's Vegas' highest ranking since 1977, when it made the Final Four, losing in the national semis to North Carolina.

Of course, Tarkanian's high-gloss productions are nothing new. The problem has been that, like a tourist's stake at a slot machine, they haven't gone very far. Despite an abundance of talent, the Rebels haven't returned to the NCAA tournament since '77, falling in the second round of the NIT last year to Tulane and in the semifinals to Illinois in 1979-80.

But the NIT is a lounge act in college hoops; the NCAA tournament is the big room.

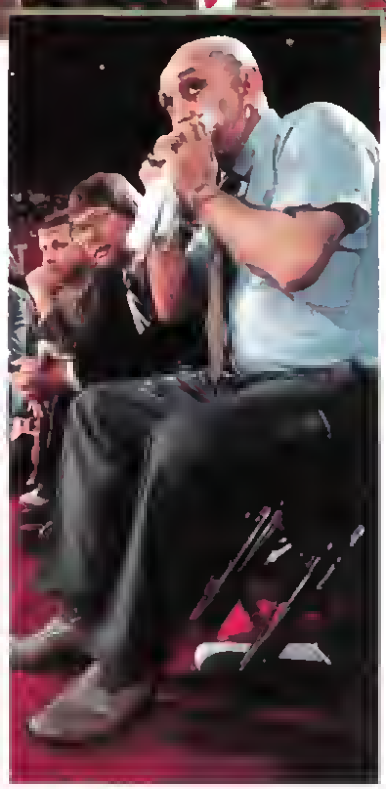
No wonder Tarkanian, who considers himself a headliner all the way, has enough derogatory one-liners about last season's team to impress Henny Youngman. Take my team . . . please.

"I didn't like my team last year," says Tark. "I didn't have a banquet for them and we went 20–10. That's not bad, but I never have a banquet when I don't like a team, because you have to say nice things and what's the sense of lying."

The Rebels spent much of last season in disarray, with the regulars in uneasy competition with the reserves. "There were days when I didn't even feel like coming to practice," says Vegas Center Sidney Green, who through last weekend led this year's Rebels in scoring (21.0 points per game) and rebounding (12.0). "People were looking to hurt each other out there because they wanted to be playing." Michael Burns and Greg Goorjian left the team during the season, Burns being dropped for academic deficiencies and Goorjian transferring to Loyola Marymount, where he now plays for his father. Fab freshman Dwayne Polee and juco transfer Richie Adams were unhappy, too. Polee was homesick for Los Angeles and transferred to Pepperdine after the season, while Adams went AWOL once last season and didn't return until late October. He left again and went back to his native New York City. It's anybody's guess whether he'll come back next season.

"The last couple years, last year especially but even the year he went to the Final Four, it didn't seem that Tark had the players as together as they should've been," says Long Beach Assistant Coach Ed Ratleff, an All-America under Tarkanian at Long Beach in the early '70s. "It just seemed like he lost control of the team. When I played for him he always

Tark may have felt like throwing in the towel until Green began muscling up for the pros. Now the coach is chomping happily.



had things together. And it looks to me like his guys are playing more together now, more like they used to."

Green's inconsistency had been a Rebel shortcoming since 1979-80, when he became an instant starter as a freshman after a storied New York schoolboy career. There has been nothing erratic about his play this year, though. "The word was out that the pro scouts didn't think I was tough enough," Green says. "I guess I always thought my talent would get me by. I was wrong. Coach Tark told me at the beginning of this year, 'Sid, it's the NBA or Europe.' And I know which one has always been my dream. I dedicated myself to it."

Green began a serious weight-training program last summer and is still lifting twice a week. His best bench press when he began was a paltry 135 pounds; he's now up to 250. That extra strength convinced Tarkanian to move Green back to the post; he played mostly on the wing last year, with Adams and Michael Johnson splitting the time at center. That doesn't fit Green's pro plans. He's an unintimidating 6′ 9″ who will probably play forward—in the NBA. But that doesn't bother Green. Inconsistency, not a bad attitude, has always been his burden.

"A lot of people thought Sid was one of the problems here," Tarkanian says, "but that just wasn't so. You show me a kid with loyalty, and I'll show you a kid who can be salvaged. Sid is a loyal kid."

And so is another four-year starter, Wingman Larry Anderson, who, like Green, can at last smile at the chaos that preceded this year of tranquility. "Last year you had five guys out there, all wanting to score. You can't play basketball that way," he says.

Until recently Anderson had been worrying about his touch. A 6′ 6″ 180-pounder who almost always plays on the perimeter, Anderson was shooting only .427 from the floor going into last week's games. But he made nine of 15 shots against Long Beach and 12 of 19 for a career-high 30 points against Fullerton.

Anderson's running mate at wing is junior Jeff Collins, a transfer from the University of Arizona. A 42-inch vertical leaper, Collins is so spectacular in the transition game—which is the kind of ball Vegas plays best—that his heavy-handed shooting isn't that much of a liability. In one second-half sequence against Long Beach, Collins scored nine points in 1:28 to put UNLV ahead 74–69.

During UNLV's first seven games Eric Booker, a transfer from the University of San Francisco who was eligible immediately because that school had dropped its basketball program, filled in for the still-ineligible Collins. But he hasn't complained that Collins stole his job. How could he? All Collins did in his debut against Wagner College on Dec. 28 was shoot 11 of 13 from the floor for 25 points and pile up a school-record seven steals to go with nine assists in a 120–70 rout.

Another example of selflessness is 6′ 10″ junior transfer Paul Brozovich, who played at Pitt under Coach Tim Grgurich, now a UNLV assistant. Brozovich has gotten considerable playing time while his much-heralded freshman roommate, 6′ 6″ Forward Eldridge Hudson, recovers from a hyperextended left knee. Brozovich is a relatively unskilled player from western Pennsylvania who can neither shoot nor jump particularly well. If Brozovich were a beer he'd be a 16-ounce can of Iron City. But he's durable, unselfish, aware of his limitations and willing to do the tough work; he's sometimes called The Bumper for his picks for Green and Anderson.

Another difference between last year and this is the relationship between Point Guard Danny Tarkanian and the rest of the team. He still gets kidded about being the coach's son, but now it's good-natured. "Everyone knows Danny gets no special treatment," Green says. "The coach yells at him more than anybody."

Danny showed his value in the first half of Saturday night's game. He made the right pass every time on the break, leading to six transition baskets. Tarkanian is also looking for his shot more often. Last season he averaged fewer than four field-goal attempts a game. At week's end he was scoring 8.1 points per game, and he'd made seven of his 16 three-point shots.

In his 22 years as a JC and major-college head coach, Tarkanian says he has never enjoyed a club so much. It could still go haywire, of course. The Rebels are essentially a doughnut team, one without a true center. Perhaps Green will return to his old inconsistent ways. Or perhaps opponents will start crowding Green inside, and Anderson, Collins and Tarkanian won't be able to compensate. Or perhaps one or two losses will disturb their delicate chemistry.

But this much is certain: They'll make the big room, and there *will* be a banquet.

THE WEEK

(Jan 17-23)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST "I'm surprised with this big a victory," said Houston's 6′ 9″ Larry Micheaux after helping to topple Arkansas from the unbeaten ranks 75–60. "I was expecting to win by one or two points." The Cougars' defense clogged up the middle and held the Hogs to 36.1% shooting, while on offense Houston broke the Razorback press. Micheaux was the main man, sinking nine of 11 shots, scoring 26 points and combining with Akeem Abdul Olajuwon to dominate the inside. Both teams had big men in foul trouble: Arkansas Center Joe Kleine (six points), Houston Forward Clyde Drexler (four, almost 14 below his team-leading average) and the 7-foot Olajuwon. Although Olajuwon scored only eight points, he blocked 11 shots and snared 10 rebounds.

When it comes to intensity, Illinois State Coach Bob Donewald ranks right up there with Indiana's Bobby Knight, for whom he was an assistant coach for five seasons. Redbird practices are rife with noise—from banging bodies, from Donewald's shouts and from the thud of basketballs that he allows his players to drop-kick so they can vent their emotions. No one knows more about how rugged those drills are than Forward Hank Cornley, who suffered a broken orbital bone under his right eye during a recent practice. Last week, during a Missouri Valley Conference showdown with visiting Wichita State, Cornley wore protective goggles as he and his teammates thumped their way to a 54–53 victory. A 17-foot shot by Dwayne Tyus with 16 seconds to go won it for Illinois State. But what set up the win was the Redbirds' typical body-whacking defense, especially on star Shocker Forward Antoine Carr, who nonetheless scored 20 points while taking what amounted to a pair of the best cross-body blocks this side of the NFL playoffs.

Senior Steve Stipanovich played his finest game ever for Missouri during an 84–63 rout of Oklahoma State, sinking 14 of 19 field-goal attempts, scoring 32 points and getting 11 rebounds. Against Oklahoma, Stipo's 16 points and 10 rebounds led the Tigers to a 48–41 victory. The Sooners, who came into the game with the highest scoring average in Division I (91.9 points a game), played slowdown ball much of the way because Wayman Tisdale got into early foul trouble. Tisdale, who was second in the nation with a 27.2-point average, had 19 points in 24 minutes. Sixteen hours later, Mizzou was done in by Marquette's Johnson and Johnson combination, 60–59. Dwayne Johnson's basket at the buzzer gave the Warriors a 53–53 tie, and Mandy Johnson's four free throws to start

continued

off the overtime period set up the upset.

With Guard Milt Wagner making 25 of 33 shots, Louisville won two Metro Conference games. Tulane was down only 52–49 before succumbing to the visiting Cardinals 63–55 as Wagner wrecked the Green Wave's otherwise effective zone with 24 points. Southern Mississippi also gave Louisville a scrap, trailing only 34–31 before Wagner went on a binge by scoring 20 of his team's 29 second-half points. When done, he had 32 and Louisville a 63–48 win.

Keith Lee's 29 points and 13 rebounds propelled Memphis State past Delta State 100–62. The Tigers won a nonconference game on Sunday, coming from 10 points down to win at North Carolina State 57–53.

EAST A jumper, two dunks, a driving layup and a backdoor layup were all part of a five-baskets-in-five-minutes spree by North Carolina's Michael Jordan, who finished with 32 points in a 103–82 romp over Duke. Earlier, North Carolina State had lost 99–81 to the Tar Heels, who in their two outings made 20 of 39 three-point shots. In just 50 minutes of playing time, Jordan converted 18 of 26 field-goal attempts and had 47 points, 15 rebounds and six assists. Wake Forest, which began the week with an 80–63 road loss to independent William & Mary, tied Carolina for the ACC lead by defeating Duke 88–84 and North Carolina State 91–73.

With 15:12 left against Virginia, Georgia Tech led 40–34, thanks to 20 points from freshman Point Guard Mark Price. However, the visiting Cavaliers then instituted Price controls, holding him to only three more points, as Virginia spurted to a 66–52 victory. Ralph Sampson led Virginia with 18 points. Two days later, against Virginia Tech in Richmond, Sampson complained of fatigue, played only 21 minutes and had 12 points. Sophomore Forward Jimmy Miller spelled Sampson at center and had 18 points as the Cavs went up by 21 and then eased to a 74–64 triumph. Then Sampson lethargically shuffled through a 105–87 home victory over Clemson, getting a mere six rebounds and four points in 30 minutes. Virginia's guards took up much of the slack, Rick Carlisle getting 24 points and Othell Wilson 22 more. The Tigers lost despite setting ACC records by sinking 12 consecutive three-point shots and 15 of 23 from 19′ 9″ and beyond.

Second-half surges carried St. John's to a pair of Big East victories. The Redmen led Providence by only two points before outscoring the Friars 11–2 midway through the second half of a 74–54 win. David Russell and Chris Mullin scored 20 points apiece for St. John's. At Syracuse, where a record crowd of 32,382 was on hand in the Carrier Dome, the Redmen blasted away from a 47–47 deadlock and won 68–57. Billy Goodwin of St. John's topped off his 21-point night with 13 in the second half. Most of all, though, the Orangemen were done in by the Redmen's stalwart defense—a tight man-to-man most of the way and what Coach Lou Carnesecca called "a desperation zone" in the closing minutes.

Villanova ran its victory streak to 10 by knocking off Seton Hall 75–59 and LaSalle 72–71. The Wildcats squirmed past the Explorers when Ed Pinckney took a bounce pass from Frank Dobbs, eluded three defenders and put in a layup with one second left. Georgetown beat Pittsburgh 62–54 and Providence 78–70 as Patrick Ewing had 48 points.

WEST UCLA Guard Ralph Jackson, who has taken some heat from critics who felt that he should have been more productive, was hot stuff during a 68–63 victory at California. With the Bears giving him shooting room in the first half, Jackson scored 15 of his career-high 17 points. Late in the second half, Jackson tossed perfect alley-oop passes to Michael Holton and Kenny Fields, who both dunked to help UCLA beat Cal for the 47th time in a row over 22 years. Jackson's backcourt partner, Rod Foster, fired in 21 of his 31 points in the second half as UCLA then won 101–87 at Stanford.

Washington State, the only other unbeaten team in Pac-10 play, was a two-time winner. The Cougars got 25 points and 15 rebounds from Guy Williams and 23 points from Steve Harriel as they won 76–64 at Oregon State. Washington State then ran its winning streak to 10 by beating Oregon 54–51.

MIDEAST After another week of topsy-turvy play in the SEC, Kentucky emerged on top. Florida led 56–50 at Lexington before the Wildcats rallied for a 70–63 win. Urged by his teammates to get himself open in the post, Kentucky's 6′ 11″ Mel Turpin did precisely that in the second half, picking up 17 of his 23 points and nine of his 10 rebounds.

Kentucky had an even harder time at Vanderbilt as the Commodores controlled the first half and took the board battle 40–24. The Wildcats didn't go ahead for keeps until Kenny Walker's bucket gave them a 76–75 lead with 1:10 left in overtime. Six free throws in the last 21 seconds finished off Vandy 82–77. Earlier, the Commodores swept to a 43–28 halftime advantage at home against Auburn and hung on for a 64–62 triumph.

Auburn then hosted Georgia, which got a field goal from Vern Fleming to knot the score at 64-all with seven seconds to go. On the ensuing inbounds pass, the Tigers' Alvin Mumphord took a long throw from Darrell Lockhart and fed the ball to Charles Barkley, whose dunk with three seconds left beat the Bulldogs 66–64. Barkley led Auburn's attack with 21 points.

For the third week in a row, Tennessee won its first game and lost its second. This time, the Vols got 22 points from Michael Brooks plus 16 points and 14 rebounds from Willie Burton while defeating Alabama 72–64. Tennessee was then upended 78–74 at Florida, which shot 64.3%, scored 16 times on layups and dunks, blocked eight shots and got 23 points apiece from Eugene McDowell, Vernon Delancy and Ronnie Williams.

Alabama, a five-time SEC loser, regrouped for a 75–70 win over LSU. "I knew I had to give us some leadership," said Tide senior Guard Mike Davis, who sank 10 of 15 shots despite a heavily bandaged broken thumb.

"I'm really disgusted," said Indiana Coach Bobby Knight after his team blew most of a 17-point lead and beat Michigan State 89–85. And Knight wasn't pleased with a 93–76 defeat of Michigan, because the Hoosiers frittered away half their 34-point bulge. He couldn't complain, though, about the scoring of Ted Kitchel (54 points in the two games) or Randy Wittman (44), which helped put Indiana atop the Big Ten.

Iowa won 68–52 at Minnesota as Bob Hansen had 19 points. But the Hawkeyes were then jarred, 65–62, at Wisconsin as Cory Blackwell scored 18 for the Badgers.

Earlier this season, Stetson (12–4) won three consecutive one-point games and later lost four one-pointers in a row. Last week, the Hatters squared their record at 4–4 in such games by beating Mercer 74–73. **END**

SI TOP 20

1.	UCLA (13–1)	1 *
2.	INDIANA (14–1)	2
3.	UNLV (16–0)	3
4.	MEMPHIS STATE (14–1)	4
5.	ST. JOHN'S (16–1)	5
6.	N. CAROLINA (14–3)	6
7.	LOUISVILLE (15–2)	7
8.	VIRGINIA (15–2)	8
9.	ILLINOIS STATE (13–1)	12
10.	WICHITA STATE (13–2)	13
11.	MISSOURI (14–3)	10
12.	KENTUCKY (13–3)	15
13.	IOWA (12–3)	9
14.	HOUSTON (15–2)	17
15.	OKLAHOMA ST. (13–2)	11
16.	AUBURN (11–4)	14
17.	VILLANOVA (12–2)	20
18.	GEORGETOWN (13–4)	—
19.	ARKANSAS (14–1)	18
20.	TENNESSEE (11–4)	19

* Last week

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CARLOS YATES: The 6′ 5″ sophomore swingman scored 100 points and had 10 rebounds and five blocks as George Mason defeated Boston U. 76–74 and Utica 91–71 and lost to James Madison 68–66.

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VIOLENCE: OUT OF HAND IN THE STANDS

Spectators, often boozed or riled up, are an increasingly menacing lot. Can the seeds of fan restraint be found among the flowers?

BY BIL GILBERT AND LISA TWYMAN

Perhaps because we're so heavily bombarded with dire news and doomsday prophecies, there's a temptation for those concerned with a problem—whether it be viral skin disorders, reading deficiencies of youth or the drying up of swamps—to call attention to it by stridently suggesting that if it isn't immediately solved the Republic will crumble. This is an especially suspect and ludicrous practice when applied to sports. The difficulties of junky jocks, sneaky coaches or greedy promoters are seldom related in any significant way to the substantial ills of society. This should be kept in mind as we consider the subject of this report, fan violence.

Through the ages sporting spectators have been notorious for hooliganism. The original Olympics were

continued

Within a crowd, primitive emotions such as elation, anger, panic and vengeance are contagious.

FAN VIOLENCE

Continued

suspended because of belligerent crowd behavior. In one three-day period in 532 B.C., during the reign of the Emperor Justinian, 30,000 Romans died in riots at the chariot races. In year 1314 Edward II of England banned "that dreadful game, football," because it touched off such bloody brawls among 14th-century fans. The worst recent outburst of this sort occurred in Lima, Peru, where at a soccer match in 1964, 300 people were killed and 500 injured. There have always been incidents of this kind, but their number and seriousness fluctuate, reflecting, some theorize, disorders in the real world. (The hypothesis that behavior at sports events may serve as a barometer for measuring pressures and tension in society is probably the most thought-provoking aspect of this phenomenon.)

Currently, nearly all knowledgeable sources think there is a rising level of fan violence in the U.S. The consensus is that, in comparison to 20 or even 10 years ago, it's more difficult and expensive to control sports crowds; that they cause more personal injury and property damage and are uglier in manner and mood. Now, this is bad news for sport, but it hardly constitutes a grave threat to public order, health and morals. In any general discussion of violence, that which occurs at sports events is little more than an aside. During the past year, on any number of days in the Middle East or Central America there was more violence than has occurred in all of modern sports history. Spending an evening at Yankee Stadium now may be more risky than going to the zoo or staying at home, but it's still safer than walking for three hours in the neighborhood around Yankee Stadium. What fan violence amounts to may be suggested by the following sampler of happenings in recent years:

Security experts point to fans who "hang out" as troublemakers in crowds.

• After the WBC California State Junior Lightweight Boxing Championship in Sacramento last summer, a brawl broke out and eventually involved, police estimated, 75 to 100 fans. Before it was over, seven spectators had been stabbed, four requiring hospitalization.

• At a Friday night of boxing in Madison Square Garden in 1978, two men were stabbed, another man was shot (by an off-duty corrections officer) and a woman was treated for a severe head laceration after being struck by a bottle. While the police were carrying the gunshot victim from the Garden, someone lobbed an exploding cherry bomb at them.

• At New York's Shea Stadium during a 1978 Jets-Steelers game, spectators overpowered a security guard and dropped him over a railing to a concrete walkway 15 feet below. He suffered a fractured skull, along with a concussion and various neck injuries.

• At a 1981 Rams-Bears game in Chicago's Soldier Field there were 31 arrests, the principal charges being battery, disorderly conduct and possession of drugs. Two security men and several ushers were attacked by fans, one of whom dropped his pants and shot a moon for the benefit of the Honey Bears, the Chicago cheerleaders, and the ABC television cameras.

• In 1980 the Detroit Tigers temporarily closed the bleacher section in their stadium to retake it, so to speak, from chronically violent spectators. For the same reason, in May, 1981 the Cincinnati Reds asked their players and the opposing players, the Pittsburgh Pirates, to leave the field at Riverfront Stadium until the rowdy crowd could be brought under control.

• During a 1981 American League playoff game at Yankee Stadium, a fan carrying a blackjack ran onto the field and charged and knocked down the third-base umpire, who was saved from injury by the quick intervention of the Yankees' Graig Nettles and Dave Winfield.

• Pittsburgh Outfielder Dave Parker claims to be the No. 1 target of fan violence in America because he's black, highly paid, hasn't performed well the last couple of seasons and is proud, perhaps even a bit arrogant. He has been pelted with apple cores, hundreds of paper beer cups, jawbreakers, transistor-radio batteries and bullets (thrown not fired), as well as obscenities and racial slurs. "You ain't nothin' but a stinkin', lousy nigger" is a printable example of the latter. Once, in his hotel room in Philadelphia, Parker received a telephone call from a man who informed him that if he came down to the lobby he would be killed. Parker did and wasn't. He's among the growing number of sports figures who have received death threats during the past five years.

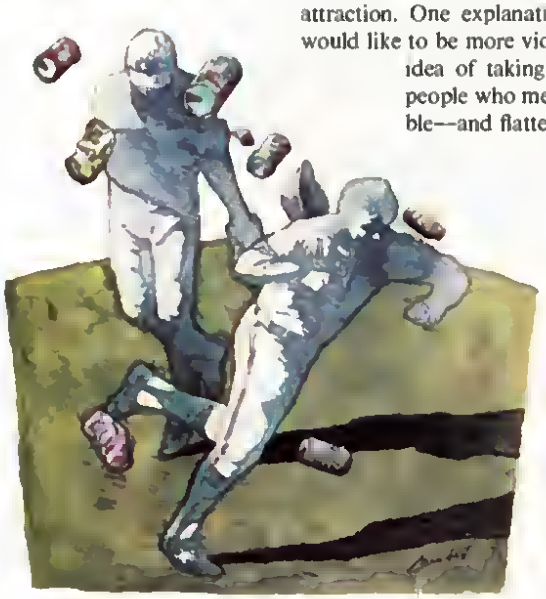
The list of such happenings isn't endless, but it's very long. Beyond those that draw public attention there are innumerable violent acts that go unreported. It's fair to say that on game day in every major sporting facility there are a few fights and several minor assaults and a dozen or so spectators are ejected because of bad conduct.

"This crowd violence thing has been in the dark for so long," says David M. Schaffer, director of park operations (including security) for the Chicago White Sox, a team that recently has made notable efforts to face up to its problems. "Hell, just go anywhere and there will be a fight of one kind or another."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT

Traditionally, the sporting establishment has been mum on the subject, believing that a certain amount of crowd misbehavior is part of the game and one which, like the legs of a Victorian lady, gentlemen speak of euphemistically; that talking about violence would focus attention on it and stimulate others to commit it; that the subject is bad for business. "We prefer to talk about crowd involvement rather than violence," said a Philadelphia Flyers official several years ago. "Violence has such an ugly connotation."

However, the fact that buying a ticket to a game markedly increases a customer's chances of getting a punch in the snoot, doused with beer, an earful of X-rated language or a vandalized car makes it difficult to sustain former traditions and illusions. By their actions, if not their words, most sports executives indicate that they regard fan violence as a large problem, one that's going to get larger, more expensive and more embarrassing if something isn't done about it soon. As never before, leagues and teams are trying to find out why their fans have grown so difficult to handle, and in making such assessments, sports executives are calling in "violence experts," a new breed of consultant.



Players are pelted with everything from beer cans to bullets.

Some of the observations, theories and conclusions of these violence experts are:

• Sports crowds generally follow some vague rules of order—for example, people don't usually stand and block the view of other spectators—but can become unstable, erratic and edgy human organizations. Within a crowd there are many low-level sources of tension—close, involuntary contact with strangers, abnormal physical discomforts, competition for territory, goods, services and information—that frustrate individuals and make them more irritable and belligerent than they are when alone or in smaller groups. Crowds provide anonymity and encourage miscreants to act more irresponsibly than they might in situations where they can be easily identified and punished. Simple, primitive emotions, such as elation, anger, panic and vengeance, are contagious within a crowd and create so-called mass hysteria. Sports events regularly draw the largest crowds of any public events, but sports facilities, compared to those offered to other crowds, are often among the most inefficient, uncomfortable and unattractive. If the environment were as grim and aggravating at art galleries, lecture halls and movie theaters as it is at Schaefer Stadium, there probably would be more disturbances at those places.

• Sports events are exhibitions of skill, grace, strength, coordination and other attractive human properties. They're also contrived, dramatic charades, of which violence is an intrinsic element or, at least, violence is not too far below the surface. In some sports, such as boxing, football and hockey, the scripts are explicitly violent. Even in those sports where the participants are not called upon to push, shove and beat each other the action is confrontational, with one individual or team trying to demolish, as the scribes say, an opponent—or crush, roll over, thump, trample, pulverize, stick it to and kill him, as they also say. The underlying themes of competitive games are strikingly similar to those of war, and the language of the two activities has become almost identical.

Our newspapers, magazines, books, TV shows, movies, theater, music and advertisements testify to our fascination with violence, that it rates not far behind sex in its vicarious attraction. One explanation for this is that many people would like to be more violent than they are. They find the idea of taking arms against their enemies—or people who merely frustrate or cause them trouble—and flattening them, so to speak, by direct physical action to be very appealing. Most people don't act on such impulses because of the law, ethics or the fear of getting hurt. Stymied by reality, they take deep satisfaction in watching and identifying with others who seem to be acting in this bold way. As a group, athletes are encouraged and rewarded for being violent while on-stage, and sport has become one of our most successful devices for providing fantasy relief.

Sports crowds are encouraged to respond freely to the action of the game. Cheering, booing, hissing, stamping feet, waving fists and screaming criticisms and threats are considered normal at games, though those activities would be treated as aberrant and unruly in other circumstances. As tragedies can bring their audiences to tears and comedies can provoke laughter, sport can make its crowds a bit more violent. And as in other forms of show business, the assumption is that the more powerful the production the more pronounced the reaction of the audience.

Michael Smith, a former football and hockey player and hockey coach, is a Canadian sociologist interested in such matters. He says, "I believe that violence in sport contributes to violence in the crowd, as opposed to the notion of catharsis, that viewing violent acts results in draining away feelings of violence. I have looked at newspaper accounts of 68 episodes of collective violence or riots among spectators during or after sporting events, and in three-quarters of

continued

those the precipitating event was violence in the game. Yet for decades and decades eminent scholars wrote without a shred of evidence that acts of violence in sport are cathartic or therapeutic for spectators." Indeed, the catharsis theory is still advanced occasionally but, as Smith suggests, has been largely discredited by social scientists simply because nobody can find cases where this saltpeter-like effect has been produced.

The association between sport and violence isn't aberrant. However, it's supposedly understood by everyone involved that what's going on is just a game, a staged conflict. That this is frequently forgotten is testimony to the power of sports. Even participants who have long rehearsals and the rules of the game and referees to remind them that they are actors in a play get carried away by the make-believe battle. Losing one's grip on reality happens more often in the stands. Spectators have few restraints on their behavior, and it isn't surprising that some of them give vent to their own fantasies by responding physically to the fictitious battle being played out by the athletes. "The crowd is going crazy" is an instructive sporting cliché.

An altercation in a game frequently will trigger a fight among the fans.

Dr. John Cheffers, a former Australian football player and international track athlete and coach, is a professor of education at Boston University. For a decade he has been professionally interested in fan violence and now offers his services to sports organizations, among them the New England Patriots. For some time Cheffers and an associate, a sociologist named Dr. Jay Meehan, have been using video equipment and graduate students to observe spectators at football, hockey, soccer and baseball games in order to identify types and causes of what they call "incongruous behavior."

Cheffers and Meehan have been investigating whether "unwarranted" actions by athletes, *i.e.*, fights, elicit exceptional responses from fans. Here their findings have been surprising. In soccer, fights among the players have triggered violence in the stands in 57% of the cases the researchers have observed. For football and baseball the percentages are 49 and 34, respectively. However, in hockey only 8.5% of the on-ice fights touched off acts of fan violence. Cheffers speculates that hockey customers see so many fights that they have become a bit blasé about them. He suggests that hockey may be moving in the direction of what he calls the "giggle sports," professional wrestling and Roller Derby. At these attractions, ostensibly illegal and violent acts by the participants are so common and highly stylized that they are largely regarded as phony and have lost much of their impact.

Such information as Cheffers and a few others have collected tends to confirm the commonsense observation that the rougher the game the rougher the crowd. Cheffers believes that "If it [violence] is on the field it will be in the stands." Contact sports provide most of the examples of fan violence, while in golf, tennis and track they are rare. But if this is the rule, there are many exceptions and anomalies. Outside the U.S., soccer, not a contact sport, has the most dangerous and destructive fans. This may be because of social and economic factors. There's a strong tradition in Europe, and particularly in the British Isles, that soccer is a workingman's game, and the rowdyism of the spectators may be, Cheffers speculates, a kind of class statement, a means of showing contempt for polite society and cocking a snoot at the well-behaved gentry.

Boxing is the most violent of all sports, but its crowds are not exceptionally disorderly. However, when something does stir them, they often become more vicious than other fans. In the U.S. during the past 10 years, *all* of the disturbances in which spectators have had at each other with knives and guns, with the intent to kill and maim, have occurred in boxing crowds. Apparently, the nature of the sport enables its fans to deal sanely with a lot of violence, but when they lose control, it's with great ferocity. Baseball may demonstrate the opposite side of the hockey-boxing coin. Small, fairly tame acts of violence on a baseball field may appear to be much worse than they really are because the game generally lacks physical contact. Also at the heart of baseball is one of the most explicitly warlike charades in all sport: the repeated and possibly fatal confrontation between pitcher and batter.

In many cases the players' unwarranted (illegal, according to the rules) acts, which Cheffers finds are likely to stir up fans, are unintentional or accidental. When an athlete makes mistakes in judgment—say, commits a dumb foul—he sometimes becomes so aroused that he begins fighting or throwing a tantrum. In other cases such displays are a matter of design and are performed for inspirational reasons or in the hope of achieving competitive advantage. Baiting umpires is a traditional baseball tactic that also incites spectators, whose calls of kill the ump or throw the bum out are of-

ten followed by fisticuffs in the stands and objects thrown out of them. Jack Dunn III, the vice-president for stadium operations of the Baltimore Orioles, says that the most fights he ever saw in the stands occurred on a day when former Oriole Manager Earl Weaver argued with an umpire and was ejected from the game. Last summer Sam Rutigliano, coach of the Cleveland Browns, in effect came down on the side of unnecessary roughness in the NFL. He said that while officials might still penalize his players for such infractions of league rules, he wasn't going to reinforce the refs' authority by fining, as he had the year before, Browns who drew unnecessary roughness calls. He said that he thought worrying about being assessed such fines might interfere with the concentration of his players and lower their morale.

Perhaps more regularly than any other sporting figures, basketball coaches attempt to incite and exploit crowd reaction by means of histrionic displays. "There's no question about it," says Shelby Metcalf, the basketball coach at Texas A&M. "Some coaches—we have a couple here in the Southwest Conference—try to get their home crowds fired up and use them to intimidate opposing players and officials. I think it works less often than these coaches and the press think it does because the players and officials are more sophisticated than they used to be. But it works often enough that there are coaches who continue to use the technique to try to get an edge. It is a danger and a disgrace to the game. We ought to be doing more than we are to stop it."

Police dogs are now sometimes used to forestall fan violence

Metcalf is an unusual and unusually well-qualified authority on fan violence. In addition to having coached the Aggies for 19 seasons, he has a Ph.D. from A&M in philosophy. For his doctoral dissertation on crowd behavior and control, Metcalf selected 84 variables, ranging from the deportment of cheerleaders to the size of arena, that he thought might influence crowd actions. His list was sent to the Southwest Conference office. After each of the 112 basketball games used in the survey, referees, coaches and sports information directors on the scene were asked to check the factors that seemed to have most influenced the fans. Tabulating the results, Metcalf found, again to the surprise of no one, that the behavior of coaches, players and officials had the most effect, good and bad, on the spectators. Commenting tangentially, Metcalf says, "It's sad but true. If there's a good fight, one that gets a lot of attention in the press, attendance is going to be up for two or three weeks afterward for games of the teams involved."

Though sports entrepreneurs may not deliberately set out to pump up their customers to the point of belting each other or trashing stadiums, many team officials are inclined to stimulate frenzy and emphasize the wilder aspects of the entertainment being offered. Touting mayhem has been the principal promotional thrust of wrestling and Roller Derby. There are chronic suspicions that hockey moguls, despite repeated pious protests to the contrary, are inclined to regard brawls as good for business. The late and unlamented professional box-lacrosse league advertised itself as putting on happenings that Attila the Hun and anybody with a taste for blood and battle would love.

There are a good many sporting hypes—provocative cheerleaders, drums, horns, organs, posters, cartoons, effigy burnings, pep rallies, exploding and smart-aleck scoreboards—that have become so common that nobody thinks much about their subliminal messages and influence anymore. For example, like many other major league baseball teams, the Baltimore Orioles have an official mascot, in this case a guy in bird drag who hops around Memorial Stadium to entertain and exhort the home crowd. Among other stunts of the Baltimore bird: Between innings he dons boxing gloves and goes a few rounds with someone dressed to represent the opponents, say the Detroit Tigers, before scoring a KO, to the delight of the fans.

Pat Sullivan's family operates the Patriots, and he's the club officer concerned with crowd control. Having listened to various theories about why spectators are so unruly, Sullivan says in effect that while the ideas are interesting, "the main thing is so many of the fans are drunk."

Many other sports officials have made the same observation. Buffalo's Don Guenther, the manager of Rich Stadium, home of the Bills, says he thinks 99% of the arrests at games are related to alcohol.

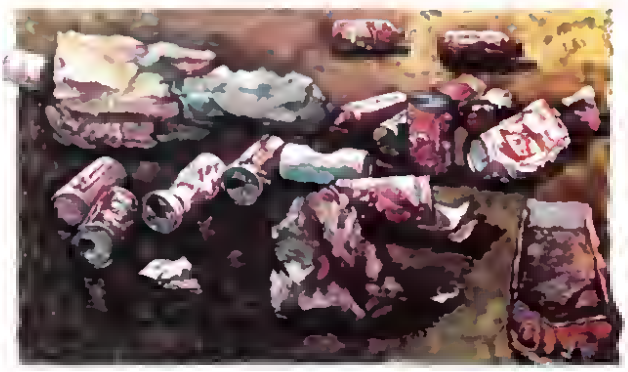
Dick Vertlieb now is an entertainment and financial consultant in Seattle but in the past has been the general manager of three NBA teams, the Warriors, Pacers and Sonics, and of baseball's Seattle Mariners. "The problem," says Vertheb, speaking of fan violence, is the "goddamn beer. All the teams do is push beer and push beer, and then when someone gets out of line, they send the cops after the guy. When I was with the Sonics there was no beer in the Coliseum and it

continued

was a family event. Now it's difficult even to take your wife. It's an outrage."

The connection between guzzling and fan violence needs very little explanation. Nobody has ever suggested that a good way to calm down a crowd is to fill it to the gills with strong drink. To a greater degree than at any other assemblies, except perhaps stag conventions, alcohol is made available to sports spectators, and they are encouraged to use it freely. There are 63 stadiums and arenas in the U.S. that serve major pro teams. Beer is sold in 61 of them and hard liquor in 24. (Only a handful of colleges sell beer at their games. This is almost universally accepted as a principal reason why collegiate crowds, despite their youth and exuberance, present fewer serious security problems than do professional ones.)

Why beer and booze, despite being named by many executives as a main cause of fan violence, are so readily available is also fairly obvious. They are profitable. How profitable can't be precisely determined, because teams and concessionaires don't routinely divulge sales figures. However, it seems likely that where beer is sold it accounts for about half of the overall concession take. This would work out to about $500,000 a season generated by a team such as the Sonics.



Sports mixed with alcohol, experts agree, can be an explosive formula.

Beyond the retail income, the alcohol business is profitable for sports organizations in many other ways. Radio and TV broadcasts of virtually every major league game are sponsored in whole or part by breweries. According to a 1982 survey conducted by Simmons Market Research Bureau, the heavy beer-drinker is a sports lover. Male heavy beer-drinkers represent 30% of the total beer-drinking public and are responsible for nearly 80% of the total volume of beer sales.

The relationship of beer and booze to sports is so profitable that managerial types are loath to finger in-park sales as a contributing cause of fan violence. Invariably, they say the real problem is with contraband stuff, *i.e.*, alcohol that's brought to the ball park by fans in coolers, brown bags or their bloodstreams.

Joe McDermott, the Boston Red Sox executive in charge of security at Fenway Park, says that most of the Sox spectator trouble occurs in the first few innings of a game and is caused by people who were soused on arrival. "Let's face it," says McDermott, his righteous instincts overcoming his commercial caution, "it's pretty hard to get loaded on the beer sold here—it's mostly froth." Like many other teams, the Red Sox have and exercise the right to search incoming customers, confiscate containers and refuse entry to those who seem likely to make trouble.

Though, again, it's not much talked about for obvious reasons, spectator use of drugs, notably marijuana, cocaine and Quaaludes, seems to be increasing more rapidly than alcohol consumption. "Get yourself a Coke with whatever you smoke," chants a Schaefer Stadium soft-drink vendor. "Get your hot pretzels, ludes and joints," responds a mocking fan. In many arenas particular ramps and rest rooms are favored by the heads and dealers. The dangers and morality of drug use can be debated elsewhere, but there's no reason to believe that numbers of people with rolling eyeballs or runny noses make a constructive contribution to the good behavior of sports crowds.

To improve crowd control in 1976, the Red Sox began employing 20 football players from local colleges. During games they roam Fenway with the aim of soothing potentially troublesome fans or unobtrusively giving the heave-ho to those—sometimes 30 a game—who are beyond pacifying. Sox management has been pleased with the footballers, whose size gives them respect as well as clout and whose youth gives them rapport with the sort of spectators most likely to be difficult. Security people everywhere single out 20-to-30-year-old males as the most likely to create disturbances. The general opinion is that they are especially vulnerable to macho fantasies and to acting them out when stirred up by sporting events.

Wayne Thornton, a 6′ 3″, 230-pound Holy Cross graduate, was a member of the Fenway patrol last summer and says of his routine activities, "We look for drunks, of course, and very loud belligerent types. Every couple of innings we check out some of the rest rooms and ramps for people smoking and snorting dope. Also, we watch for guys who aren't paying much attention to the game, just waiting around and hanging out."

It's perhaps arbitrary to say that hangers-out come to an event with the intention of being violent. But there's reason to believe that the possibility of bashing heads is on their minds and an attraction in itself. Dr. Arnold R. Beisser, a Los Angeles psychiatrist with an interest in sports, has commented, "We're seeing a new use of violence. It's being used not as a means to an end but for recreational purposes, for pleasure. It's an end in itself."

A 24-year-old man—let's call him Tim—is a hanger-out type. (He won't be better identified because there's a suspi-

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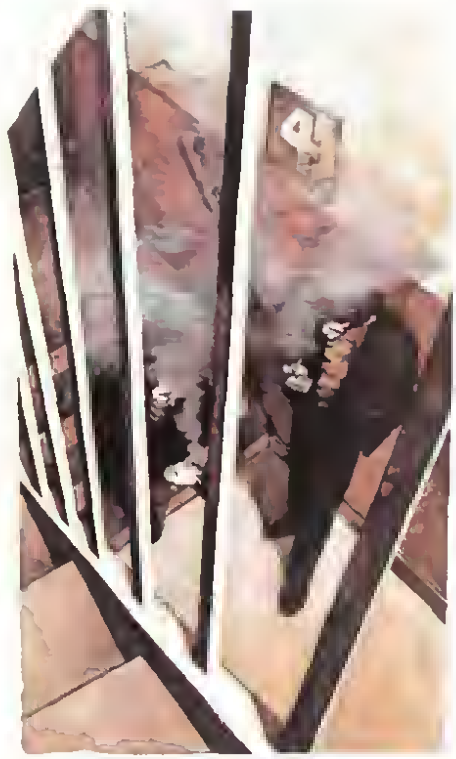
cion that he might regard any public mention as a feather in his cap, a glorification of his deeds.) Tim has a better than average blue-collar job and a decent apartment in the suburbs of a Midwestern metropolis that supports franchises in all major professional sports. He has no dependents, only temporary girl friends and, therefore, a considerable amount of disposable income. Even so, he says that he doesn't regard his life as being all that good. As to ambitions? "I don't know," he says. "Livin', I guess. I got a lot of things I want to do: One, get rich. How? I don't know. I wish I knew."

Tim is a wispy 5′ 6″ and weighs 120 or so pounds. But there's an indefinable quality about him—insolence, sullenness, rebelliousness—that suggests he could be trouble. "Tim," says an acquaintance, "is the kind of person that a cop will pick out of a crowd when there's a disturbance, or somebody will come up to and slug for no real reason. Maybe he looks like a loser."

Tim wasn't a high school athlete and isn't a rabid sports fan in the sense of being particularly knowledgeable or attached to a given team. However, he goes to a number of events to pass his time. At the moment, his favorite sport is hydroplane racing. He will drive long distances to attend regattas with groups of friends. "We'll get a hotel or room someplace," he says. "No showers. You know. Usually girls go, just to have fun, wherever there is a race. It's just mostly, I don't know, unreal the way those things [boats] aren't even in the water. I don't know, they just look so excellent in the water, all the spray and everything."



Grass may be passé on fields, but not in the arena

Last April, Tim and a dozen or so male cronies went to a hockey playoff game. Some of the gang allegedly had been to a baseball game earlier in the afternoon and had amused themselves and provoked security men by throwing snowballs at the players on the field. Tim wasn't with them and wasn't, he says, drunk before leaving for the hockey game. "I'm not saying I haven't gone like that to the races and stuff," he says. "I'll drink and stuff, but I don't get obliviated *[sic]* where it's not going to be worth it to me if I can't know what's going on when I leave."

Tim said he had a couple of beers before arriving and only one at the game. His version of what went on there is as follows. He says that toward the end of the game some trouble started in the section where he was sitting; he thinks maybe people started pouring beer on each other after a fight broke out on the ice. He and his friends edged into the melee to see the action. Then, he says, spectators and cops started grabbing people. The next thing he knew he woke up in a hospital with five broken teeth. According to security men on the scene and police records, Tim and his pals were the instigators of the brawl, dumping beer on people, threatening those around them and throwing whatever was at hand on the ice. (The players on the ice actually stopped skating to watch the fight in the stands, but not before one player tripped over some of the debris, separated his shoulder and was sidelined for the rest of the playoffs.) Tim himself imprudently attacked a very large, bearded customer, who was the one who cold-cocked him, literally driving his teeth down his throat. Tim was arrested, and pleaded guilty to charges of assault and battery and mob action. He was fined and barred by the stadium management from attending any games there for a year. Nevertheless, he thinks that the whole thing was a mistake, that he got a bum rap. He pleaded guilty, he says, only because he didn't know what really happened. "I know what I am, and that ain't it," he says. "You know what was said? It was all turned around so I came out being troublemaker Tim, you know, and that ain't true, but that's me against the world. Whoever believes it and whoever don't."

"I believe the incidences of violence are way up," says Dr. Irving Goldaber, a sociologist who is the director and founder of the Center for Study of Crowd and Spectator Behavior, a Miami-based research and consulting firm. "My file of current incidents gets larger and larger every year. Where about 10 years ago I had one folder, now every year I do another file drawer."

Goldaber, who has advised the NFL, major league baseball and the International Association of Chiefs of Police, among others, is perhaps the country's best-known expert on fan violence. He says that five years ago he was receiving about three requests a year to appear as an expert witness in court actions having to do with incidents involving sporting crowds. Now he's getting about one every two weeks.

During the 1950s and '60s, Goldaber, who says, "Human conflict was always my field," instructed law-enforcement groups in dealing with street disturbances, protesters, terrorists and hostage takers. In the mid '70s, he says, he detected the emergence of a new form of violence in this country. He terms it "violence for vicarious power" and finds it's most openly manifested in sporting crowds, whose behavior is

now one of his principal professional interests. Like many other experts Goldaber believes that the problems of sport reflect larger ones in society. Specifically, he says, "More and more people aren't making it. You work hard, you exist, but you haven't got much to show for it. There are increasing numbers of people who are deeply frustrated because they feel they have very little power over their lives. They come to sporting events to experience, vicariously, a sense of power."

In a stadium, the power trippers are even more vulnerable to ordinary crowd stimuli and irritations than more traditional fans. "They respond to the violence on the field," says Goldaber. "They respond to the hype and hoopla of the event, to the beer, cheerleaders, scoreboards and bands. When you have a crowd that is anticipating a physical experience, it will have a physical experience."

Goldaber believes that several characteristics distinguish the vicarious power-seekers. They're very prone to overidentify with a team or individuals. "They're dressed in the numbers and the letters and the names and the colors, with the jackets, the sweaters, the scarves and the pennants," he says. "They're part of the team and they're in the game." They aren't particularly concerned or knowledgeable about how games are played and take little pleasure in stylish athletic performances. "The reason they come to sporting events isn't so much to watch the game as to be in the game and especially to experience winning through their team or hero. In this world, where so many individuals are diminished, it's pretty important to matter, to win, to be No. 1. When their team wins, they have a sense of being important: 'I won.'

"Because they overidentify and think they're in the game, they feel they have a right to affect the outcome of the game, in the old ways by cheering and booing, but also with new violent forms of threatening and intimidating action. Because winning, being No. 1, is everything, they're likely to be very ferocious if they—their team—are thwarted and they vent their frustrations physically against players, officials or other spectators. That's the nub of the problem."

Goldaber feels that a vicious cycle has been created. Sensing the obsessive mood, sports management has tended to pander to it, overpromoting fan identification. Goldaber has developed this theme perhaps more fully than others, but that there's a connection between fan violence and win-at-all-cost attitudes has occurred to many. Lennie Wirtz, a veteran basketball referee who has had visions of an enraged spectator coming at him with an ice pick, says he thinks the most important reason for the worsening of behavior of coaches and players—and because of them, crowds—is the enormous pressure to win that's now at work on the participants.

Bill Veeck, a shrewd and iconoclastic baseball entrepreneur and observer for more than half a century, agrees with Wirtz. "Unfortunately, like Dr. Frankenstein, people in baseball have created a monster," Veeck says. "They think only a winning club is any good. People forget that we're in the entertainment business. Look what you get then, a George Steinbrenner. What more horrible fate could possibly happen, unless you get two?"

Oddly, hockey fights usually don't provoke scuffles among fans.

Many authorities say there's evidence that things could get worse. Based on information provided by police departments from around the nation, Goldaber makes the ominous estimate that in any large pro sports crowd somewhere between 0.5% and 2% of the spectators are now carrying concealed weapons. This works out to 250 to 1,000 fans packing guns, lethal knives or Wirtz's ice pick in a crowd of 50,000. Goldaber believes it's likely that we will shortly have a sports assassination, carried out by a demented fan who will rise up with, say, a 30-30 and take out a quarterback or power forward. "And when it happens once," he says, "there will be enormous publicity and this will trigger more of it. Years ago, if somebody said that we would have weapons checks before boarding airplanes it would have been thought absurd, but that's normal now and may well become normal at sporting events. Hostage-seizing at games is also a possibility. In a sense, we have already had it. Death threats are really hostage situations in which an athlete is told not to play in a certain way or be killed."

Neither Goldaber's facts nor predictions much surprise other crowd-control professionals. As to the 30-30 scenario, Cheffers remarks, "Actually, it's surprising it hasn't happened. In this country athletes are at least as celebrated as rock stars or politicians. There are a lot of Hinckleys out there who have strong feelings about sport."

Cheffers finds it easy to imagine that because of such a disaster, or in an attempt to prevent one, high-security measures might alter sport as drastically as the violence itself. "We could reach a point where major sporting events are staged in shielded areas before 5,000 or so spectators who

continued

pay several hundred dollars each for safe, luxurious accommodations," Cheffers says. "Attending live sporting events could disappear as a popular entertainment."

All of this is prophesy, but events that have occurred suggest that such possibilities should be taken seriously. The almost reflexive response of sports promoters to bad crowd situations is to lay on more cops of one sort or another. Following an ugly Monday-night football game, Sullivan said that to prevent further outbursts he would "bring in the National Guard if we have to to make things safe." Attack dogs were used for crowd control in a 1980 World Series game in Philadelphia and in 1982 in St. Louis. This prompted Goldaber to quip, "If dogs aren't effective [he thinks they are], maybe they'll bring out attack lions next." Both the Patriots and Red Sox are converting sections of their stands into posh, heavily guarded apartment-like boxes that lease for $20,000 to $36,000 a year. Most other stadiums have, or are planning, similar facilities. Elsewhere, the ultimate crowd-control technique has already been employed. Because of reasonable fears about the conduct of supporters of rival teams, soccer games in England and American high school football and basketball games have been played in facilities from which all fans have been barred.

Some spectators cheer the athletes, others fighters in the stands.

If we evolve into a Brave New World society, we'll no doubt have Rollerball games and Orwellian crowds—or none of either—because sport cannot be maintained in splendid isolation. Furthermore, given the nature of crowds and sport, there are probably no steps that can, or should, be taken to make spectators as pacific as Quakers at meeting. However, with these basic reservations, students of crowd behavior believe that there are steps that can be taken to improve the present situation and that the apparent trend isn't irreversible. Consultants such as Cheffers, Meehan and Goldaber have remarkably similar ideas about corrective and preventive actions. Though they use different terminology, they have developed similar models describing various states of crowd psychology. These range from controlled to explosive. When by reason of panic, anger or exuberance a crowd comes to this latter condition, it's so dangerous and destructive that nothing much can be done beyond calling riot police or troops to quell the violence. Therefore, the aim of controllers should be to keep things below the explosive level, and if the atmosphere approaches that, to make use of what Goldaber calls "defusing mechanisms."

The most commonly recommended measure is to improve facilities to lessen environmental irritations in crowd situations. Places that are clean, comfortable and convenient tend to promote good behavior. Even the illusion that management is concerned with the amenities seems to have a good effect. Goldaber advises clients, not entirely facetiously, that if they have only $50 for crowd-control innovations, they should employ two men, dress them in immaculate white coats, give them brooms and set them to furiously and conspicuously sweeping. Whether they sweep up any dirt is beside the point.

Last fall, Cheffers attended a Monday-night Patriots game at Schaefer Stadium. He's a big, beefy man, but even so found himself uneasy in the midst of bands of drunken, truculent, orgiastic fans roaming about in shadowy parking lots, reeking corridors and grimy stands. Following his field trip he submitted a detailed report to the Patriots, with suggestions for improvements. He thought "antimalistic behavior" could be reduced if the joint—he called the parking lot Grub City—was cleaned up, smelled sweeter and was better lit. He felt there was great need to improve access to the parking and concession areas to cut down on jostling and long, frustrating lines. Hundreds of fans gathered hours before the game in parking lot "wastelands," where they had little to do but mill about, drink and start trouble. He thought that prettifying the lots, putting in some picnic and play areas, with room to throw Frisbees and balls around, might be worth a try. Among other things, Cheffers is very big on flowers as crowd controllers. "We will jump over ropes, knock down barricades, tear up lawns," he says, "but it takes a lot to make us walk through a flower bed." Cheffers believes that judiciously planted hardy annuals can do much to keep crowds where they are wanted and subliminally to remind them of their manners.

The Patriots, with the benefit of advice from both Cheffers and Goldaber, are now in the process of spending $5.8 million to upgrade Schaefer Stadium. "Generally, we want to make it an attractive place. We want good fans," says Sullivan. "Security and crowd control are not the only factors, but they are important ones."

Today, the idea of staging a major sporting event without dozens of law-and-order officers on hand is unthinkable. (On game day at Schaefer Stadium the security force, in or out of uniform, numbers more than 250.) However, security forces are often part of the fan-violence problem, not the so-

continued

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lution to it. By tradition there is a certain anti-authoritarian spirit in sporting crowds, and this can be inflamed by rude, belligerent or even overly conspicuous cops. "When a guard ejects a fan, *who* is getting booed?" Goldaber asks. "Invariably, it's the guard." Goldaber thinks there's a need, not necessarily for larger security forces, but those that are better trained and more inclined to calm spectators by means other than busting them. Employing the 20 unarmed, ununiformed, fairly cool football players to patrol Fenway is seen as a step in the right direction.

Like everyone else, unruly spectators buy tickets, and promoters not wanting to offend them are inclined to tolerate behavior that wouldn't be permitted outside the stadium. Cheffers feels this is shortsighted. He thinks crowd controllers should be trained to spot troublemakers before they reach the explosive stage and to remove them quickly. Fans who are repeat offenders should be suspended for misconduct, as players are, and barred from attending games for a period of time. He agrees that the ejection should be accomplished as gently and unobtrusively as possible so as not to rile other spectators, but that the policy should be publicized and firmly carried out. Some customers might be lost, he admits, but their loss would be more than compensated for because new and better fans would be attracted by the improved conditions.

Flowers, says Cheffers, will subliminally tell fans to mind their manners.

The link between hooliganism and alcohol consumption is as obvious as the reasons that sporting entrepreneurs have been loath to face up to this problem. Perhaps one of the best indications of serious concern about fan misbehavior is the new willingness to cut down on the beer and booze trade. In the last several years a dozen or so major stadiums and arenas have taken steps to halt sales before the latter part of a game and to restrict sales in certain particularly rowdy sections or the amounts individual fans can buy. There's even occasional talk of eliminating beer concessions entirely. For example, Sullivan says the Patriots "had considered" such a drastic move at Schaefer Stadium, even though it's named for a brewery, which reportedly paid a million dollars for the honor.

Perhaps the boldest action of this sort has been taken by the Chicago White Sox. According to Schaffer, the Comiskey Park security chief, when new ownership acquired the Sox in 1981, it was alarmed at the amount of violence in the park and Comiskey's steadily deteriorating reputation. In an effort to improve things, all hard-liquor sales were banned inside the stadium. The Sox estimate this cost them about $100,000 but that it has had a calming effect on crowd behavior and made security enforcement, for which the White Sox now pay about $300,000 a season, much easier.

Sports have been successful in developing techniques that move spectators toward rather than away from explosive states. Again, nobody wants them actually to blow up, just to come close to the exhilarating flash point. "It's good business for the teams to psych up a crowd," says Goldaber. "We talk about killer instincts, rivalries. You give the wrong guy a rivalry, give him people around him who are raucous, contributing to the steam-up, and you may well have a dangerous problem."

The statement of the problem more or less indicates the solution. What Goldaber calls the hype and hoopla needs to be toned down, and reality—that these are games, not genuine confrontations of world-shaking significance—must be emphasized. The participants, from management to coaches to players, are in the best position to deliver this message and make it believable in the stands. "Unwarranted behaviors"—such as on-the-field fights, tantrums and the like, which Cheffers has found are so likely to incite specatators—need to be eliminated, not just mildly rebuked or penalized. Goldaber also believes players should be instructed and encouraged to display pacific behavior and to make more gestures of what used to be referred to as sportsmanship—pregame handshakes, etc.

"When a lineman hits the quarterback," says Goldaber, "the crowd is going to yell for a roughing-the-passer call. But if the lineman reaches down and yanks up the guy he just hit and pats him on the back, and they both run back to their huddles, that's something I call a sociological signal to the crowd that this is just a game. Those fans who feel they're in a war will be calmed by the gesture."

Cheffers also feels that efforts must be made to educate or reeducate fans. "I care about this," he says, "because I'm one of those who think that sport can and should have a very constructive influence on society. I would say that the greatest value of sporting competition is that it teaches us how to handle winning and losing without becoming antisocial. When what's achieved predominates over how it's achieved, then a disrespect for the entire game, the entire sport, ensues. Violence follows disrespect. The fearful thing is that what we are now being taught to respect is violence. Sport is making it fashionable." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 17-23

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

PRO BASKETBALL—*Houston was on its way to a resounding* 130–93 defeat in Denver when Rocket player-cum-coach Elvin Hayes abruptly called time and removed himself from the game. Only 23 seconds short of surpassing Wilt Chamberlain's NBA career minutes record of 47,859, the 37-year-old Big E called it a night, explaining to reporters that he had "more friends" in Kansas City, the Rockets' next stop, and preferred to break the record there. That he did, but even his season-high 35 points, which moved him past John Havlicek into fourth on the career scoring list with 26,411, weren't enough to keep the Rockets from losing for the 35th time in 41 outings. At the other end of the Midwest Division, the Kings pulled to within one game of San Antonio. Los Angeles, the Pacific Division leader, enjoyed an unblemished week, beating San Diego 107–104, the Spurs 119–110 and Indiana 105–102 to open a six-game lead over Phoenix. Portland and Seattle stayed close behind the Suns, the Trail Blazers pressing on regardless of union problems. The Players' Association contract with the league specifies that players must travel first class on any flight longer than one hour. Because there weren't enough first class seats available on a flight to Dallas and because no coach was prepared to fly, uh, coach, the team traveled on separate aircraft. Divided, the Blazers were conquered as soon as they got back down to earth, losing 121–112 despite leading Maverick scorer Mark Aguirre's failure to score 30 points for the first time in six games. Two days earlier Dallas beat Golden State 112–102, making Dick Motta only the fifth coach in NBA history to win 600 games. In the Eastern Division, the leaders of the Atlantic and Central divisions met at the week's end. Philadelphia of the Atlantic hadn't lost in more than a month; its 14-game winning streak was a club record and the best in the league this season. But when the 76ers Andrew Toney went to the bench with four fouls early in the second half, Milwaukee's Sidney Moncrief, who'd had only six points in the first half, went on a binge. His 30 points and teammate Marques Johnson's 29 were too much for the 76ers, who lost 107–96. Their 34–6 record, however, is still the best in the league, although Boston scrappily remained within three games and New Jersey, winner of 14 of their last 16, within eight.

BOWLING—TOBY CONTRERAS defeated Charlie Tapp 221–212 to win a $135,000 PBA event in Alameda, Calif.

BOXING—Undefeated ROGER MAYWEATHER knocked out favored Samuel Serrano in the eighth round to win the WBA junior lightweight title in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PRO FOOTBALL—The Washington Redskins defeated the Dallas Cowboys 31–17 to win the NFC title, while the Miami Dolphins beat the New York Jets 14–0 in the AFC championship game (*page 16*).

GOLF—KEITH FERGUS won the $375,000 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. with a sudden-death victory over Rex Caldwell. Both finished the 90 holes of regular play at 335.

HOCKEY—Los Angeles Center Marcel Dionne, who has played 12 seasons in the NHL, took over seventh place on the league's career points list when he got the deciding goal in a 4–3 defeat of Hartford. Still, the Kings are firmly enthroned in the Smythe Division cellar. An 8–6 loss to Edmonton left them 26 points behind the front-running Oilers. Early in the week, Vancouver ton fell to Edmonton, but three days later the Canucks overcame Wayne Gretzky's 41st goal of the season to avenge the 9–4 loss with a 4–3 home victory. Norris Division leader Chicago won twice, 3–2 over Toronto and 4–2 over Hartford, but lost 6–4 to revitalized Washington. The night before, the Capitals had broken a five-game winless streak by defeating Philadelphia, the leaders in the Patrick Division. Goalie Al Jensen turned aside 4–3 Flyer shots as Washington won 4–1 and moved past the New York Rangers, 0–3–1 on the week, into third. In second are the New York Islanders, 10 points back of the Flyers and 1–0 losers against Philadelphia on Darryl Sittler's 1001st NHL point (*page 24*). It was the second shutout and fifth win in five pro starts for the Flyers' rookie goaltender, Bob Froese. In the Adams Division, streaking Boston increased its lead over Montreal to eight points with wins over Minnesota, Buffalo and Detroit.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL: Cleveland, which began the week tied with Baltimore atop the Eastern Division, took a great fall. The Force scored seven times only to lose as the Arrows' Paul Kitson scored half his team's 10 goals. Two nights later, Baltimore dispatched Western Division leader Wichita 6–4, while Chicago stung Phoenix, second in the West, 13–6 to move past Cleveland into second. At week's end the Force had a chance to regain a tie for first at Baltimore, but the Blast held on for a 7–5 win. Memphis lost games to Buffalo (7–6) and Kansas City (4–3) to sink past Pittsburgh into Eastern oblivion, despite the three goals of Stan Stamenkovic, who leads the league in scoring with 62 points.

SPEED SKATING—ANDREA SCHONE set a women's world record of 7:40.97 in the 5,000 meters, shaving almost nine seconds from Karen Enke's month-old mark.

TENNIS—IVAN LENDL beat John McEnroe 6–4, 6–4, 6–2 to win the $400,000 Volvo Masters tournament in New York (*page 26*).

GENE MAYER beat Roscoe Tanner 7–6, 7–6 to win the men's title in a $100,000 event in Cincinnati, while HANA MANDLIKOVA won the women's crown with a 6–4, 6–3 defeat of Billie Jean King.

TRACK & FIELD—Three world indoor records were established in Los Angeles. BILLY OLSON pole vaulted 18' 10¾" to surpass his own week-old record by ½ of an inch; EVELYN ASHFORD won the women's 50-yard dash in 5.77, .03 faster than the mark set by Andrea Lynch in 1978 and matched by Jeanette Bolden in 1982; MARY DECKER TABB broke Joan Hansen's 1982 women's two-mile record of 9:37.03 with a clocking of 9:31.7.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By the USSF and NASL, the formation of Team America, a national team which will be based in Washington and compete as a franchise in the league and as the U.S. representative in international competition.

RESTORED: By the International Olympic Committee, to the family of Jim Thorpe, gold medals that Thorpe won in the decathlon and pentathlon at the 1912 Olympic Games in Stockholm. In 1913 Thorpe was stripped of his medals when he admitted he had accepted money to play a few games of semipro baseball in 1909 and 1910.

SENTENCED: In Federal Circuit Court in Miami, to 20 years in prison for cocaine trafficking and five for conspiracy, former Miami Dolphins Running Back EUGENE (Mercury) MORRIS, 36.

TRADED: By the Los Angeles Dodgers, Third Baseman RON CEY, 34, to the Chicago Cubs for two minor leaguers, by the Oakland A's, Pitcher BRIAN KINGMAN, 28, to the Boston Red Sox for a player to be named later; by the Seattle Mariners, Catcher JIM ESSIAN, 32, to the Cleveland Indians for a player to be named later.

By the Chicago Bulls, Center-Forward COBY DIETRICK, 34, to the San Antonio Spurs in exchange for a fourth-round 1983 draft choice.

DIED: GARRINCHA (Manuel Francisco dos Santos), 49, former soccer star who overcame polio as a child and later led Brazil to the World Cup in 1958 and '62, of alcoholism, in Rio de Janeiro.

BILL BONTHRON, 70, former world-record holder in the 1,500-meter run, American-record holder in the mile and Sullivan Award winner; of acute respiratory failure, in Princeton, N.J. Bonthron was most noted for his duels with Glenn (The Kansas Ironman) Cunningham. In 1934 he beat Cunningham with a lunge at the tape to win the Baxter Mile, edged him again while setting the 1,500 mark of 3:48.8 and finished second to Cunningham in the latter's world-record mile at Princeton.

CREDITS

6—Steve Hansen. **11**—Illustration by Sam Q. Weissman. **16,17**—George Tiedemann. **18**—Ronald C. Modra. **19**—George Tiedemann. **20-22**—Walter Iooss Jr. **23**—Manny Millan (left); Andy Hayt. **26**—Jacqualine Duvoisin. **27**—John Iacono (top); Russ Adams. **28**—Jacqualine Duvoisin. **31**—Jacqualine Duvoisin (top); John Iacono. **36**—Nail Leifar (bottom). **58**—Walter Iooss Jr. **58**—Peter Read Miller (top); Rich Clarkson. **78**—Brian Lanker.

FACES IN THE CROWD

HELEN ZECHMEISTER
LOS ALTOS HILLS, CALIF.

Zechmeister, 78, set U.S. over-70 women's records in the 165-pound weight class in the squat (116 pounds), bench press (88), dead lift (209) and total weight (413) categories at a masters powerlifting championship in Concord, Calif.

KURT KALWAIT
ELMIRA, N.Y.

Kalwait, an Elmira College junior center and the second leading scorer in NCAA Division II hockey, has 44 points in 14 games in leading the Soaring Eagles to a 9–5–0 record. He has 29 goals and has twice scored four goals in a game.

DALE ETNYRE
COLUMBUS, IND.

Dale, a junior at Columbus East High, broke two state women's records in leading the Olympiannes to the 1982 girls' state swim title. She swam the 200-yard IM in 2:05.51, 3.5 seconds below the old mark, and the 100-yard butterfly in 56.27.

LIAM HAYES
TIGARD, ORE.

Liam, a 135-pound ninth-grader at Fowler Junior High, kicked what is believed to be the longest pre-college field goal in Oregon history when he booted a 54-yarder in the final seconds to defeat Evergreen Junior High 3–2.

MIKE ROLLER
DASHER, GA.

Roller, 29, the principal of Georgia Christian School, has coached the Generals to 115 straight wins, the second-longest streak in boys' high school basketball history. The record is 159, set in 1919-25 by Earnest Blood of Passaic (N.J.) High.

EDIE MANZANO
WAIPAHU, HAWAII

Manzano, a senior setter at the University of Hawaii-Hilo, was named tournament MVP as the Vulcans won their second straight NAIA women's volleyball title. A first-team All-America, she helped Hilo to a 33–6 overall record.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ENLIGHTENED FOOTBALL (CONT.)

Sir:

Finally, a positive commentary on college athletics (*Casting a Special Light*, Jan. 10)! As a high school coach and college admissions counselor, I had been waiting in vain for some positive public statement about collegiate sport. How appropriate that Notre Dame was chosen by John Underwood as an example of an institution that comes close to reaching the ideal that many of us in the coaching and education fields still believe in.

Fathers Theodore M. Hesburgh and Edmund P. Joyce are to be admired for what they've achieved, and John Goldrick's admissions staff must be commended for being unbending in upholding Notre Dame's standards. Those of us who have worked with Notre Dame over the years know that what you have published is true. In fact, I'm convinced that Notre Dame is an even better academic institution than Underwood's story indicated. Thanks for an optimistic, yet balanced and objective view of a great school and its athletic program.

RICHARD BORSCH
Director of Counseling Services
Feowick High School
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir:

Another superb article by John Underwood. Educated athletes and integrity in sport should be the norm not the exception. Congratulations to Fathers Hesburgh and Joyce for their leadership in this regard. Now is the time for the other "good, strong, enduring, effective" leaders at other institutions to come to the fore.

MONTE J. KLOAERDANZ, PH.D.
Libertyville, Ill.

Sir:

I'm sure many students and alumni from various schools across the country took exception to the comments of John Underwood's "coaching friend" when he said that "for overall prestige in academics and athletics, [Notre Dame] is in a class by itself." Underwood was quick to dissociate himself from his friend's comment, but in the rest of the article Underwood implied that Notre Dame was the closest thing that exists today to that ideal balance of academics and athletics. While we at Stanford respect Notre Dame's academic and athletic integrity as we do our own, we also feel that excellence in only two sports—and men's sports at that—doesn't make for a model athletic program.

Stanford's faculty rates as one of the top five in the nation, and its students rank among the top 5% of all college students upon entering. Like Notre Dame, Stanford has no "jock major" or athletic dorms. It is as common to see an Olympic swimmer in one's dining room or thermodynamics class as it is to see John Elway on the football field. In fact, about 90% of all athletes graduate within five years, and of those who graduate, some 85% go on to graduate school.

Yet, unlike Notre Dame, Stanford has successful, competitive teams in almost every men's *and* women's varsity sport. In my 3½ years at Stanford, Cardinal athletic teams have finished in the top five in the nation in baseball, water polo, men's and women's swimming, men's and women's tennis, women's track and cross-country, and women's volleyball and have won six national titles along the way. Of course, the ability of Stanford's football team to beat the best—or lose to the worst—team in the nation is well known. With names like Hank Luisetti, Bob Mathias, Pop Warner, Frankie Albert, John Brodie, Jim Plunkett, John Elway, Tom Watson, John McEnroe, Marybeth Linzmeier, *et al.*, in its past, Stanford's heritage as a premier athletic institution is assured for many years to come.

Like Notre Dame, Stanford has never had problems with the NCAA. Therefore, if Underwood is looking for the school that best combines academics, athletics and integrity he should hold Stanford up as his example.

MARK MAY
Stanford, Calif.

continued

ANOTHER LOOK AT '82

Sir:

Photographer Brian Lanker's *Pieces of '82* (Dec. 27-Jan. 3) was a magnificent pictorial essay capturing a splendid array of sports images: the hands, the eyes, the smiles, the medals and the legs of some very special and outstanding athletes. You forgot one piece, however, and I'm disappointed.

Jimmy Connors had a tremendously successful year, winning the two most prestigious tournaments in tennis against many odds, age being one of them. He's a gutsy, determined champion.

Admittedly, photographing "the guts of Jimmy Connors" might have been difficult, but eliminating him altogether was disconcerting at best.

BARBARAJEAN METEVIA
Watertown, N.Y.

• Lanker wanted to photograph Connors' hair flying out as it does when he hits a particularly hard return, but, alas, when Lanker arrived for his photo session with Connors, he discovered that Connors had just had his hair cut. Although Lanker tried shooting Connors in another familiar pose (*above right, in a black-and-white conversion*), the picture didn't turn out to be quite as striking as some of Lanker's other shots. Connors graciously acceded to Lanker's returning for a second session, but we ran out of time. Connors thus became one of several outstanding athletes of '82 we reluctantly chose to omit.—ED.

Sir:

The photo essay in your year-end issue by Brian Lanker was superb. We Eugeneans are proud to call him one of us.

In the interest of accuracy, however, I'd like to point out that the medals in the picture of Alberto Salazar's awards weren't all won by him. He couldn't have gotten any of the three Heptagonal Games medals displayed in the photo. Those games are staged among the Ivy League schools and Army and Navy. Alberto attended the University of Oregon. My guess is that his brother Richard, a graduate of the Naval Academy and also a runner, is the likely owner of the Heps medals.

Nevertheless, the photograph was a fine work of art.

JON ANDERSON
Eugene, Ore.

• Reader Anderson, a Cornell track man (1968-71) who was a 1972 Olympian in the 10,000 meters and who won the 1973 Boston Marathon, is correct. The Heptagonal Games medals—and a ribbon from a Virginia race—shown in Lanker's photographs belong to Richard. The awards hang on a bulletin board mounted on a closet door in the bedroom Alberto and Richard shared while growing up in Wayland, Mass.—ED.

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JOE DEFALCO (CONT.)

Sir:

As an avid deer hunter, I was saddened to see an article such as Robert Boyle's on "famous" deer hunter Joe DeFalco ("*Hey, You Wanna Deer?*" Jan. 10). Boyle has portrayed deer hunting as a team sport and deer hunters as insensitive, ignorant human beings whose only real chance of success as hunters lies in a mass attack on the animals they pursue. Unfortunately, I have to admit that there are many "hunters" like these. I fear that many non-hunters, to the delight of anti-hunters, will now perceive all of us in that light.

There are those of us who take to the woods each fall with a much different attitude—one characterized by respect and love for nature and the animal being hunted. Hunting becomes a personal challenge. Success is measured by the quality of time spent in the woods, the lessons learned, the observation of nature in an undisturbed state, the solitude and quietness of a cool autumn morning. When the "moment of truth" arrives, the time to decide whether to take a life or not, the sportsman's respect for his quarry becomes paramount. If a quick humane kill isn't possible, a shot is bypassed. What respect is there if you feel that "sometimes you gotta shoot at the rump on a movin' target"? The chance of a slow lingering death of an animal shot in this manner is greatly enhanced and the chance of recovery lessened.

WILLIAM S. CARLSEN
Rochester, N.H.

Sir:

In response to "*Hey, You Wanna Deer?*" No! Not the Joe DeFalco way!

RONALD E. ROMANOWSKI
Hebron, Conn.

Sir:

Joe DeFalco is a buck hunter all right—he's hunting the green buck.

STEVE WEBSTER
Montoursville, Pa.

LATE HITS

Sir:

New York Jets Defensive End Mark Gastineau's comment concerning a late hit he dealt to Cincinnati Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson, "Quarterbacks don't wear skirts" (*Sweet 16? It'll Never Be Missed*, Jan. 17), typifies an attitude that is damaging pro football. Regardless of a player's position or protective attire, there is no excuse for late hits. One intent of pro football is to entertain, and most fans don't find late hits entertaining.

Today's players should take a lesson from a piece of NFL history that was presented on television during the Rose Bowl Parade. In honoring Merlin Olsen as the first former pro football player to be named the parade's grand marshal, NBC showed films of the sort of play that earned him induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Known for his sacking of quarterbacks, Olsen was seen in these clips performing his handiwork without delivering devastating blows. Olsen played with intensity and enthusiasm and yet was a fine example of a sportsman. In his role as a TV commentator, he often speaks out against the unnecessary violence seen too often today.

Before it's too late, Gastineau and his like should reexamine their purpose and style of play. Pro football doesn't need another Darryl Stingley incident. The league and field officials should adopt a tougher stance against those who think late hits are part of the game.

STEVE HASSELBECK
Lisle, Ill.

JOHAN KRIEK

Sir:

Why did you elevate 12th-ranked tennis player Johan Kriek to star status by featuring him (*I'm an Animal Out There*, Jan. 17)? To make light of his reprehensible court conduct and present him as a model of a successful superathlete is unworthy of your magazine. As for the classic Kriek Tank—in any other sport, tanking is called throwing the match or fight or game. In my dictionary that's defined as cheating.

It's time to stop glamorizing those whose deportment in athletic contests is deplorable, such publicity only contributes to the delinquency of younger players. With regard to Kriek, the best thing that could be done for him would be to delete him from SI in particular and professional tennis in general.

THE REV. STEPHEN P. APTHORP
Lincoln, Mass.

Sir:

Spare us from additional articles on other overpaid, spoiled and otherwise immature athletes. I don't care how many cars and boats Kriek owns, his views on tennis and life in general are shallow, boring and all too familiar. The fact that SI devoted so much space to this overage adolescent is bothersome.

JACK SULLIVAN
Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

In response to Barry McDermott's enlightening article, I say that although Johan Kriek may not take his tennis quite as seriously as many top players do, anyone with a trio of Porsches is just fine with me.

SCOTT BUDMAN
Oakland, Calif.

KEITH AND ELVIS AND FRANK

Sir:

In his article (*He Ain't a Hound Dog*, Jan. 17), Rick Telander intimates that Keith Lee has replaced Elvis Presley as Memphis' favorite son. While I'm sure Lee is an excellent basketball player, I find it difficult to believe that the people of Memphis are ready to "put a statue of Lee down on Beale Street, next to the one of Elvis." Presley was at the top of his game for more than 20 years. Lee should be so lucky. And Telander should be ashamed.

DAN BRODERICK
Lombard, Ill.

Sir:

I find it ironic that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, a publication that always seems to be beating its breast about recruiting ethics, academic standards, NCAA rules enforcement, etc., would print an article that contains several paragraphs implying that there is something wrong about turning cheaters in. In an otherwise excellent story about Keith Lee, Rick Telander portrays Frank Broyles of the University of Arkansas as some sort of "heavy" for informing the NCAA of rule violations by Arkansas State concerning the recruitment of Lee and other athletes.

So what's wrong with that? Since Broyles came to Arkansas in the late '50s, the Razorbacks have *never* been placed on probation, and that includes the programs of Lou Holtz, who succeeded Broyles as football coach, and Basketball Coach Eddie Sutton, whom Broyles now supervises as athletic director. Compare that record with those of some neighboring schools (Wichita State, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, SMU) with whom Arkansas frequently competes for recruits. If you're trying to run a clean program and your competition cheats, it's only logical that you either have to try to curb their abuses or resort to cheating yourself if you want to stay competitive.

Also, Telander conveniently leaves out a few things that perhaps readers should be reminded of: 1) It was the NCAA, not Broyles, that put Arkansas State on probation, 2) after an investigation of its own, the Southland Conference also hit Arkansas State with sanctions; and 3) in 1978, the year of Arkansas' only trip to basketball's Final Four, Broyles temporarily suspended Razorback standout Marvin Delph and asked for an NCAA investigation of the Arkansas program concerning, not an action of Delph or Sutton, but a fund-raising drive sponsored by civic leaders in Delph's hometown for the purpose of sending his parents to the site of the Western Regionals. A quick inquiry cleared the matter up and Delph proved to be instrumental in helping the Hogs achieve a third-place finish. To be so near to every program's goal and then risk it all by inviting the NCAA into your front door rather than looking the other way seems to me to be a mark of a man with integrity.

In my opinion, until the NCAA is willing or able to put the necessary number of investigators into the field to check the growing tide of violations, the most effective way to control cheating is for those who don't to report those who do, even if writers like Telander make them out to be crybabies.

GUY MURPHY JR.
Fayetteville, Ark.

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